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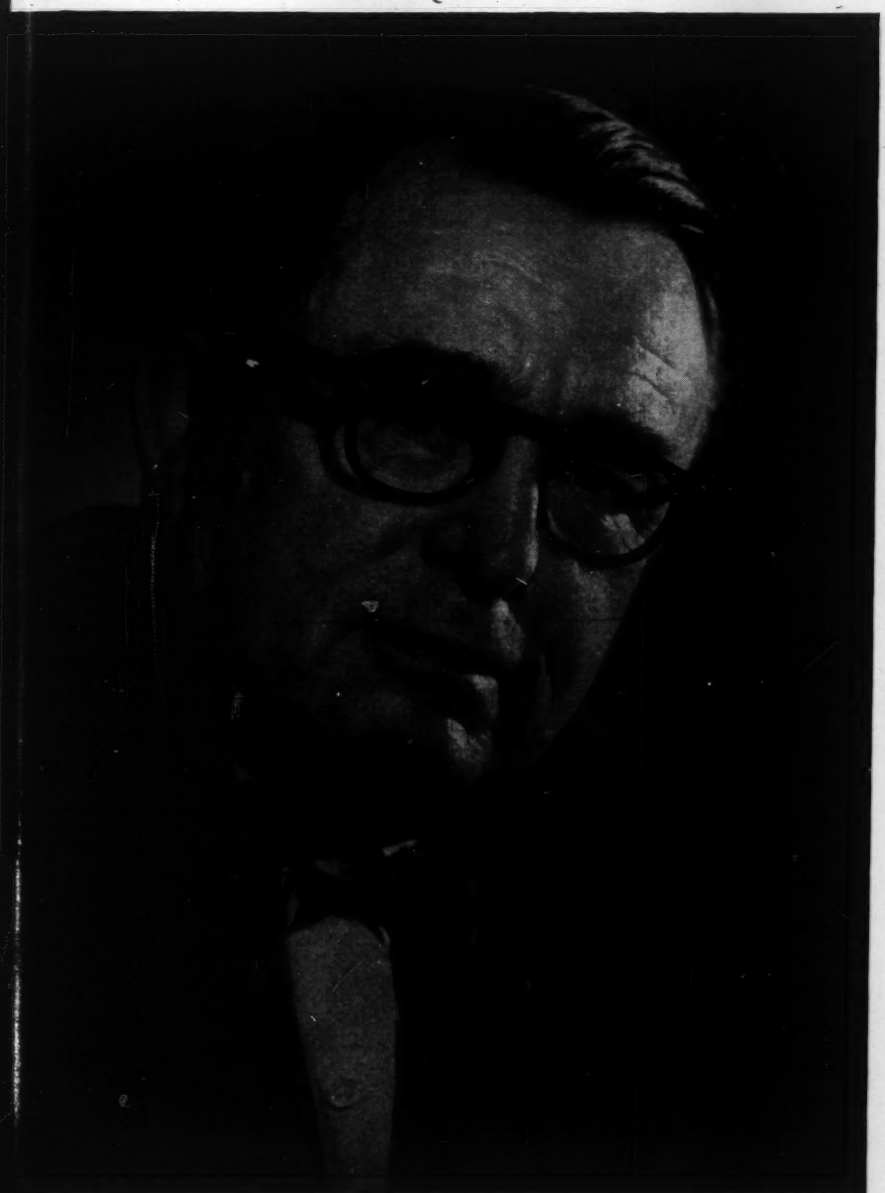

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*THE HON. RALPH CAMPNEY: A shadow army (Page 3).*

## The Front Page

The argument going on in the United States over the refusal of a senatorial committee to permit the televising of its inquiry into the conduct of Senator McCarthy is much more than a domestic squabble. At the heart of the matter is a question of at least as much importance to Canadians as to Americans—or, indeed, to the citizens of any country where information is not considered the exclusive property of the government: Should people be allowed to see and hear with the same freedom they enjoy when they read?

The television camera is as important an instrument of publication as the printing press. What it produces can be just as tawdry, boring, amusing or informative as what appears on a printed page; indeed, when it records events as they happen, it is the most accurate, dispassionate reporter available to the public today, because it enables us to see things for ourselves instead of giving us a second-hand account. Television, while not a substitute for the press, is just as powerful a means of providing people with the information they need to be intelligent members of a

**THE MENACE OF FORMOSA**
**By Willson Woodside: Page 7**

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**SEE YOUR LOCAL PONTIAC DEALER**

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

society whose strength depends on the individual's ability to form his own opinions. But it still has to fight the battle won by the press a long time ago—the battle against the people who do not think that the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker can be trusted with freedom.

The claim that the presence of television cameras automatically turns a sober hearing into a circus is nonsense. TV has not created the hams, the spotlight thieves, the publicity-conscious demagogues. These clowns have always been with us, trying to occupy the centre of every stage, devising ways of grabbing headlines in every edition. All that the camera does is to show more people what they are really like. When a hearing gets out of control, the blame cannot be placed on inanimate equipment or on an audience nowhere near the scene; obviously, it is the fault of the person in charge of the inquiry.

If it is wrong for matters of public interest to be heard before an audience of millions, it is wrong before an audience of hundreds of dozens; if it is improper to report on events in the most straightforward way, by sight and sound, it is even more improper to report indirectly, through appointed observers or interpreters — unless we believe that the mass of people can be trusted only with a limited amount of second-hand information. And if we believe that, we do not believe in freedom.

## *Full Employment*

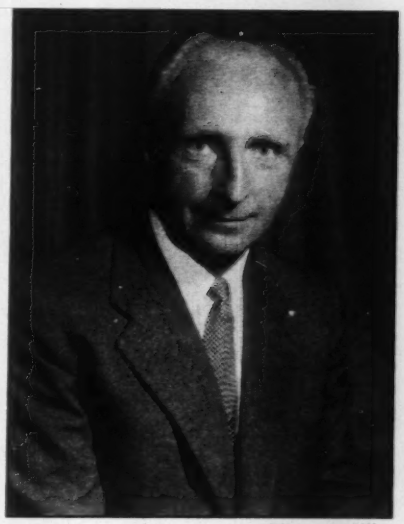
LABOR SPOKESMEN who charge that the Federal Government is doing nothing about unemployment are much too harsh in their criticism. The Government is, in fact, doing a great deal. According to figures compiled by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics, 4,038 persons were added to the Federal payroll just in the month of May when, for some reason, the rate of hiring rose sharply from the average of around 700 a month. It's clear, then, that the Government has a long-range plan to stimulate employment: a steady addition to the payroll until every adult Canadian is working either directly for the government or for enough money to support himself as well as the civil service. There will have to be a new plan, of course, when there are as many civil servants as people paying for their keep.

## *Recovery*

ONE SMOKY Spring morning nine years ago we were making our way through the rubble of Stuttgart when a companion pointed to the splintered shell of a building and said, "That's one of the places they used to build Mercedes-Benz cars". A little over a week ago, we met General Kurt Giese, director of exports for the Daimler-Benz Manufacturing Group. "We are entering the Canadian market," he said. "Canada makes the 92nd country to which we are exporting Mercedes-Benz vehicles and diesel equipment."

# The Front Page

How had such a recovery come about? "When the war ended," General Giese said, "our four factories around Stuttgart were badly damaged. One was only destroyed 63 per cent, but the others almost completely, up to 95 per cent. The largest part of the Berlin factory was in the Russian zone, therefore a total loss, ja. We were able to salvage one plant, but the others, it was a matter of rebuilding everything. The work began in the late summer of 1945. A chairman, a girl for the office and 38 workmen, that was the company. Now we employ 36,000 in Germany alone and we have plants in eleven countries, some for assembly, some for manufacture. In Canada already we have a distributor, the James L. Cooke Company, and we are planning to establish a plant here. It will be for commercial vehicles, trucks, engines for several purposes, and so on, not for building our luxury vehicles.



*Gilbert A. Milne*

*GENERAL KURT GIESE: Work.*

"It is a matter of work, ja. Our chairmen do not last long, too many hours on the job. Our workmen understood there was so much to rebuild, so much ground to regain — it is not done with long weekends. This is perhaps a German fault and a virtue together, this singleness, perhaps you would say concentration.

"The war damage? You could not say it was all bad. We were not married to old buildings and equipment but had to rebuild. New plants, modern machinery — these things help efficiency, help to make us strong for competition, ja. Last year we exported six times as much as in the best year before the war. All this has been done without any government assistance, without one dollar of American aid."

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As a member of a family with a military tradition, General Giese was headed towards an army career almost from the time of his birth, 48 years ago. Specializing in mechanical equipment, he became the German Army's youngest general and during the war was responsible for the provision of motor vehicles and parts for the Wehrmacht. No longer a soldier, he retains his passion for finely-tooled machines. "It is beautiful, ja," he said as we stopped beside one of his sports cars. "But look at this motor. It is capable of turning continuously at 6,200 rpm . . . such a wonderful thing. . ."

## *Junior's Mind*

SCIENTISTS, psychologists and statisticians of various kinds attending a conference in Rome a couple of weeks ago got into a merry hassle over the intellectual development of the world's younger people. An American professor reported that various tests in the United States had showed that children there were steadily becoming more intelligent, but other speakers produced evidence that suggested mankind was getting more stupid with each new generation. It's the sort of argument in which figures can be assembled to prove almost anything. Only one thing is certain: the generation coming up needs to be a lot smarter than its predecessors if it is going to straighten out the mess that we're leaving for it.

## *Defence (Cover Picture)*

IN A SPEECH at the Canadian National Exhibition the other day, Defence Minister Ralph Campney said all the things he was expected to say: we must be strong and united to win the cold war and prevent a hot war, Canadians "must grasp the fact that if we hope to continue as a free nation we must be ready to protect our freedoms", "we have at present neither the degree of public support nor the training strength that is required". These are all self-evident propositions. What is required of Mr. Campney now is an exposition of the next problem: how is the lack of manpower to be overcome?

Recruiting for the permanent forces has been disappointing, despite an expensive advertising campaign, but even more of a headache has been the failure to put flesh on the skeleton of the Militia, which for years has been nothing more than a shadow army—an impressive list of titles and formations wrapped around a few bodies. A few months ago a reorganization of the Militia was announced. It was

# The Front Page

inspired more by vague hope than anything else ("it is expected that at the outset these changes may result in some reductions in the total number of officers and men on strength . . . it is expected that they will result in more effective use of personnel"), and pleased no one. Mr. Campney has inherited it from his predecessor, Brooke Claxton, but there is no reason why he should keep it as a family heirloom. Something much more vigorous and effective than changes in the Militia List is needed if the shadow army is to be given any substance.

Curiously, Mr. Campney has charge of an embarrassingly large standing army, but it is not in uniform. It is made up of civil servants employed by the Department of National Defence. At last count, there were 45,703 persons (about 16,000 of them so-called "casuals") on the Department's civilian payroll. At the same time, there were around 100,000 persons in the regular armed forces. This means that the Department thinks it needs a civilian worker for every two persons in uniform — a fantastic notion, and one that is causing a daily waste of the public's money. Mr. Campney could profitably work to eliminate the fat in his Department while trying to put some meat on the bones of the services.

## *After the Suffragette*

THE WORDS "organizer" and "suffragette" have always had a forbidding sound to us, and it was with some trepidation we prepared to meet Canadian born Mrs. Marjorie Gray, who is an organizer in England for the National Union of Townswomen's Guilds, the successor to the old National Women's Suffrage Societies. Our fears were groundless. Mrs. Gray, a charming woman with a beautifully modulated voice, is neither militant nor strident.

"I won't say the Guilds are non-political," she said, "but they are non-party and non-sectarian. The first ones were formed in 1929, the year after British women got full voting privileges. We look on them now as means for educating women in citizenship, and the activities have expanded from the political to include music, art, drama or whatever a group wants to study. Last year one of my Guilds did an intensive study of the woollen industry in Britain from mediaeval days to the present—a most absorbing and thorough job. The demand for help in forming new Guilds—any town with a population of 4,000 or more may form one—is so great we can't keep up with it.

"When I went to England first, about 20 years ago and three days after graduating from Victoria College—I was Marjorie Drake then—I did stage work in repertory and broadcasts for the BBC. When war broke out, I did adult education work for the Army and Manchester University, as well as a year of occupational therapy at a hospital in Oxford. I hadn't any specific training for that, but I was willing and the need was urgent. Then I went back to the stage when the Arts Council Tours were organized.

"Coming back home to Toronto this summer—my parents were celebrating their fiftieth wedding anniversary—I've been impressed with the work Canadian women's organizations are doing. And I like the work that is being done for

*Ashley & Crippen*

*MRS. MARJORIE GRAY: Education.*

crippled children. It's more impressive than your expanding suburbs or your miles of beautiful homes. My Guilds are going to be very interested."

## *Immigration Mess*

MANY MONTHS ago we suggested that both the Immigration Act and the Department administering it needed a thorough going-over. The damning report made a couple of weeks ago by a sub-committee of the Canadian Bar Association confirms this conclusion. The sub-committee's investigation of immigration procedures, under way for more than two years, was revealing "conditions more shocking than we first suspected," the chairman said. The report tells of lack of uniformity in the Department's regulations, of inspectors who do not know what authority they have for their decisions, of departmental attempts to sidestep legal counsel and deal directly with the client, of refusal to allow Canadians at some overseas ports to be represented by counsel — in brief, of an organization that might better be called the Department of Utter Confusion.

There is no reason to suppose that the report is biased. One of the three men on the sub-committee is a Liberal organizer, and another is parliamentary assistant to Trade Minister Howe.

The only conclusion is that when the Hon. Walter Harris made his recent move from the Immigration Ministry to Finance, he left a mess behind him. His failure to straighten out his former department is not a glowing promise of success in his present, more difficult job.

## *Safety in Ignorance*

IN ALL the fuss about the anti-Communist law passed by the U.S. Congress and approved by President Eisenhower, a case heard in a Cincinnati court seems to have escaped attention. A steward of the Independent Electrical Workers' Union was accused of saying falsely under oath that he had not attended Communist meetings. His lawyer argued that the defendant was intellectually color blind, was incapable of comprehending the meaning of Communism, because he had only a third-grade education. The district attorney agreed and the charge was dismissed. It will be interesting to watch what happens if a person charged under the new law pleads innocence on the ground of stupidity.

## *No Clean Place*

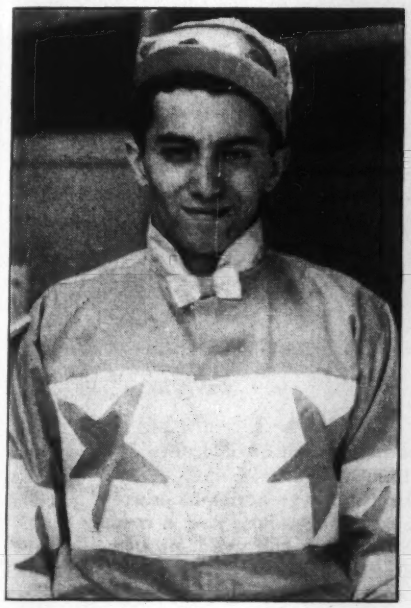
MEN OF great age insist that there was a time when an honest citizen could go for years without even hearing about red tape, let alone getting swathed in it. Old men, however, are given to fanciful tales about the good dead days, and it is difficult to believe that today's plague of bureaucrats could spread to every nook and cranny of this and other lands in a few brief decades. Indeed, a search for some spot not yet infested seems to be just as fanciful as dwelling on the legends of the past. That is why we fear that Dr. Dennis Harmar, of Swan River, Manitoba, is doomed to be a disappointed man.

Dr. Harmar emigrated from England in 1949, in an attempt to escape from the red tape there. One day he visited Winnipeg and picked up a parking ticket. Back in Swan River, he set about paying his debt to Winnipeg society by mailing a cheque for $5.30, covering the $2 fine and costs. But he forgot about the 15 cents bank exchange on a cheque. For this sinful omission, he was dragged back to Winnipeg to pay the $2 fine, plus costs that now amounted to $73.20.

Dr. Harmar is thinking about emigrating again—to the United States. But he is a man pursuing a dream. The U.S., too, is infested.

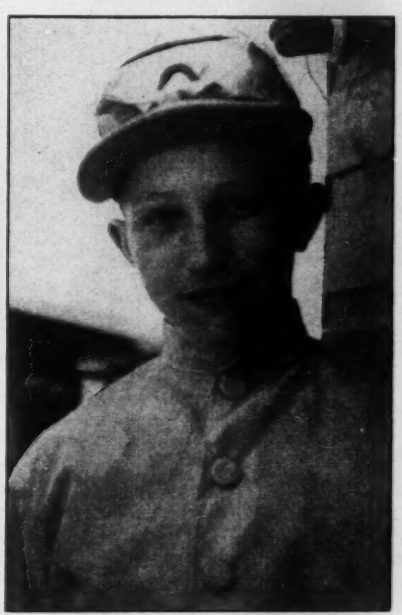
# *Top Jockeys of the Racing Season*

## *Three Home-Breds and Two Imports Star on Canadian Tracks*



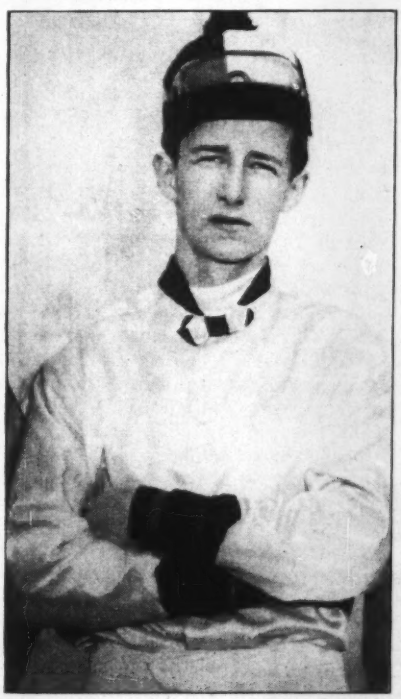
GEORGE WALKER

TED JOHNSON



*Photos by Turofsky*

DAVE STEVENSON



RONNIE WILLIAMS

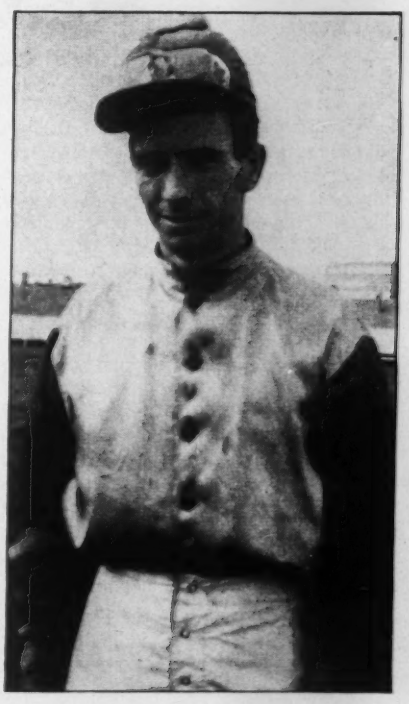
By Jim Coleman

THIS SUMMER, *five pint-sized riders—three Canadians and two Americans—have dominated the Dominion's racing scene.*

*Top hand, at the moment, is 28-year-old Ted Johnson who was born at Whitewood, Sask. Winner of 135 races in 1953, he is well on his way to beating that record this season. He has campaigned on the Ontario circuit all summer and is leading rider at the current Woodbine autumn meeting.*

*During the Woodbine spring meeting, 24-year-old George Walker from Pawtuckett, R.I., checked his tack in the jockeys' room and became an overnight sensation. He was leading rider at Fort Erie and is pressing Johnson for the season's honors.*

*Eastern Canada's all-star riding team would have to include Dave Stevenson, currently recovering from a broken collar-bone. Only 18, Toronto-born Stevenson, won his first race at Woodbine in the spring of 1953 and is the best Canadian prospect seen on the Ontario tracks in recent years.*



KEN COPPERNOLL

*Rounding out the All-Canadian team is Ronnie Williams, 19, a native of Alberta who was brought up on Lulu Island, BC, a few miles from Lansdowne race track. He has been leading all rivals on the Pacific Coast circuit this season and is regarded by turf observers as a first-class prospect.*

*For the second successive year, Ken Coppernoll, from Portland, Ore., appears certain to capture all riding honors on the Prairie circuit, which includes tracks at Winnipeg, Calgary, Edmonton, Regina and Saskatoon. The 27-year-old Oregonian has an excellent reputation with the stewards.*

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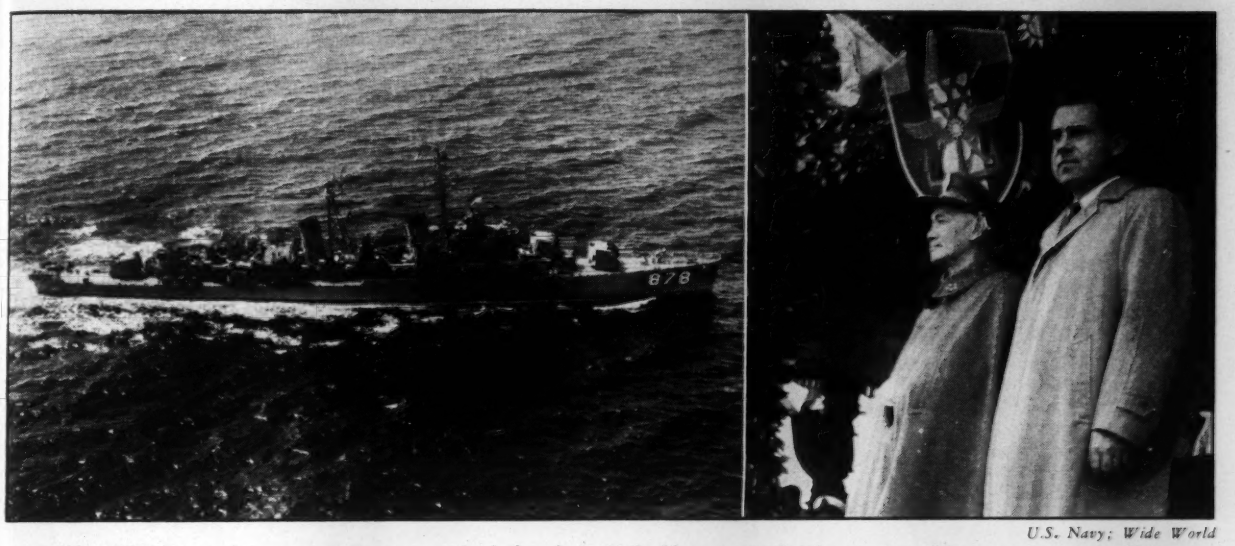

U.S. Navy; Wide World

*COMMITTED to defence of Formosa, single-handed: U.S. Navy patrols the straits; Nixon (right) visits Chiang.*

# *The Menace of Formosa: A U.S. Dead-end?*

By WILLSON WOODSIDE

IN THE skirmishing that has begun around the Nationalist-held island of Quemoy, off the China coast, raises in deadly earnest the question of what would happen if the Communists were to attack Formosa. The Americans are committed by emotion, though not by treaty, to resist such an attack; Formosa is expressly excluded from the new SEATO Pact. But it is not at all sure that they are prepared to do so successfully or to see the thing through; and they would have no allies but the Filipinos and the South Koreans. The whole business could produce such a fiasco for the U.S. and such bitterness against "the allies who failed us" that we must assume that the Communists are considering it seriously. There is perhaps no other way in which they could isolate the United States so effectively and break up the Western alliance.

Let us try to look at things from their point of view. They have seen the United States hesitate, and then abandon its effort to achieve military victory in Korea. They have seen the United States threaten "massive retaliation" if they — the Red Chinese — pressed their aggression in Indo-China, almost join in the struggle there, and then back down. They have seen the United States humiliated and divided from its Western allies at Geneva. And they have seen American policy suffer a resounding defeat in Europe, with the French rejection of the European Army plan.

Chou En-lai, the victor of Geneva, has made a triumphal tour of Delhi and Rangoon. Now Nehru, the very symbol of Uncommitted Asia, is making the trek to Peking, hard on the heels of the British Labor delegation. Both have turned down pressing invitations to visit the United States. Surely the stage is set for a daring gamble to complete the discomfiture of the U.S. and end its bid to save Southeast Asia through the SEATO Pact before this has been as much as ratified.

Need it even be a gamble? Is it not evident that, while their propaganda screams "Liberate Formosa!", the Communists intend to attack first one of the Nationalist-held islands just off the China coast, to see if the Americans will fight for that? Then they will attack another. Then, in due course, they could attack the Pescadores, half-way across the Formosa Strait, and see if the Americans would fight for that.

They know perfectly well how reluctant are the Americans—and none more than President Eisenhower—to send land forces again into warfare in Asia. They know the difficulties of moving large air forces quickly into Formosan bases not fully equipped to handle them, and perhaps under jet attack from the mainland. They know that the Americans count mainly on their Navy and especially its Fleet Air Arm to protect Formosa, and have been cautious about saying where this defence begins.

Up to now the U.S. authorities have stood pat on the order to the Seventh Fleet, given by Truman in 1950, to "protect Formosa". But the lessons of modern warfare are that the fleet would find it a difficult and dangerous task to fight continually in these narrow waters against enemy land-based jet planes and the submarines of which the enemy spreads so many rumors.

If such a fight started, there would immediately be a cry raised by some people to limit it carefully, and by others to "finish the job" by atom-bombing Chinese invasion harbors and perhaps the major Chinese and even Soviet cities. At least the question of giving such an ultimatum would be loudly discussed in the U.S. It seems unlikely that the American people and Congress would be ready under the present circumstances to go so far. Were the Soviets still without the atomic bomb, yes. Were they without the hydrogen bomb and intercontinental bombers with which to deliver their A-bombs to the U.S.—as they were up to 1953—perhaps. But things have changed mightily since last year, when the Soviets developed the lithium-type bomb ahead of the Americans, and since May 1, when they displayed their new intercontinental jet bombers.

Any attempt to "fix" the Chinese Communists with a "few" atomic bombs could

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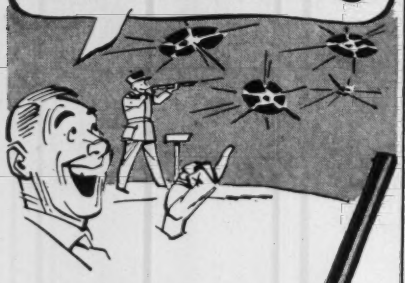

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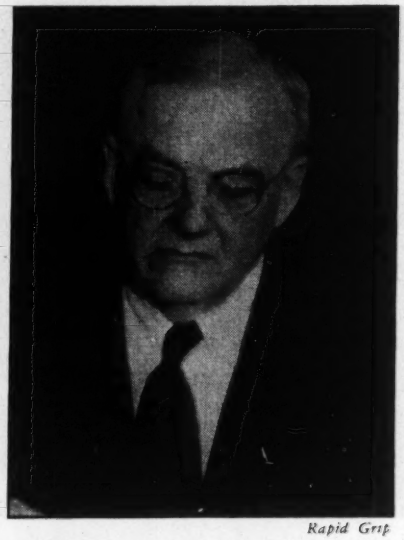

*Rapid Grip*

*ANOTHER tough decision for Dulles? American opinion will not allow the abandonment of Chiang.*

lead swiftly to world atomic and hydrogen bomb warfare. The Americans would be blamed by all their allies and all the rest of the world for this, and they would have brought atomic attack on their own cities. I just don't believe they would do this "for Formosa". I know the deadly parallel, the cry of "Would you die for Danzig?" which French neutralists put out in 1939. If we are going to continue with our defensive attitude towards the advance of world Communism, we will have to make a final stand somewhere, sometime. We can't go on for long in the retreat and confusion of 1954.

Yet it is all too evident that Formosa is not the place to stand, neither the place nor the issue on which the anti-Communist forces can be united for a common stand. It is exactly the opposite. *It is the place chosen by the enemy as likely to produce the maximum division on our side.* Somehow the American leaders must check the drift into a situation that favors the enemy so much.

As things stand, there seems to be no active American preparation for war over Formosa and no effective diplomacy to avert such a clash. There is only drift. Eisenhower one day and some Defence Department official or admiral another day confirm that the four-year-old order to the Seventh Fleet "still stands". It is the same drift which led the U.S. into the débâcle of Indo-China and the disintegration of the European Army plan.

If you look back over the American newspapers of that period you will see how much the people and their leaders were distracted by the McCarthy affair, as they are now by the election campaign. The whole world military balance has shifted with the new ability of the Soviets to deliver a hydrogen attack on this continent, and the responsible leaders don't seem to have taken time to sit down quietly and think out the changes in U.S. and free world policy necessary to meet it.

It doesn't help that, just at this time, the U.S., Britain, France, Italy and West Germany all have governments in crisis or hanging on by a tiny majority. Yet the difficulties of these governments are only intensified by their failure to agree on a new joint policy and a positive stand. It is no coincidence that the same American news magazines that proclaim the "collapse of our allies" report the Attlee and Nehru visits to China, the difficulties Adenauer is having in restraining his nationalists, and the rising "impudence" of the Japanese.

What can be done? Surely one thing would be to regularize the position of Formosa by recognizing it as a separate country, and the Nationalist Government as in control of that country, but not of the mainland. This could be used as a lever in negotiations with Peking on recognition and admission to the United nations; they, too, would have to recognize Formosa.

There is absolutely no evidence that the islanders want to come under the Peking Communist Government, and the U.S. certainly cannot just abandon them, or hand them over. What is needed is some solution that will remove the U.S. from its isolated position as the sole defender of Formosa and provide the island with such guarantees as general international recognition provides in the world of today. No doubt such a solution would be greatly aided by the resignation of Chiang Kai-shek, if this could be managed in some way which did not appear to be surrender to the Communists. As for that, *they* have never demanded that he step down. No doubt they appreciate his value in dividing their opponents.

The Americans cannot simply abandon the Chinese Nationalists, and far from helping to satisfy the ambitions of the Chinese Communists or relieve their fears that the U.S. may back Chiang in an effort to reconquer the mainland, this would only inflate their arrogance and whet their appetite. Without backing down, the Americans might, however, persuade the Nationalists to carry out a move which would upset the present Communist strategy.

This move would be the evacuation of Quemoy and other Nationalist-held islands immediately off the coast of China. The U.S. is not going to put forces in to hold these if they are attacked, nor is it going to use them to help Chiang land on the Asian mainland in the foreseeable future. To say, as Dulles has since his return from the Far East, that the aim is to "keep the enemy guessing" as to American intentions, and that it is "up to the soldiers" to decide whether the offshore islands should be defended, sounds like an effort to "muddle through".

# Letter from New York

## *Economic Doubletalk for Fall Elections*

By Anthony West

AS YOU KNOW, there are going to be elections for the Senate and Congress in November down here, and as usual in the months before elections the air is thick with doubletalk. Most of this is concerned with the vexed question of how prosperous the United States is or is not, and what the prospects of depression or recovery may be.

Twenty years ago, or even less, this would have been a matter of totting up figures and arguing about them, but life is not like that any more. A Soviet economist three years ago predicted that there was going to be a slump in United States business and this put the whole matter on an ideological basis. Slump talk is following the party line and un-American, and all those who are disturbed by the figures are New Dealers at best and crypto-Socialists or crypto-Communists at worst. In this atmosphere it is somewhat difficult to talk sense and a great many economists have simply given up on the subject and are doing their worrying privately.

The magazines are printing articles on the state of the nation's business which are quite simply interpretations of statistics by advertising men. The Madison Avenue approach to economic questions is simple: fear makes depressions, confidence keeps them off; talk depression and you get a depression; talk prosperity and you will remain prosperous. It's all a matter of psychology. If this is so, there is nothing whatever to worry about. On the other hand the figures that the advertising men are being optimistic about are, on the whole, disturbing, and they fully justify the warnings that were given by a few British and American economists last winter.

The American economic set-up is of the Red Queen type; it has to make enormous efforts to hold its own, and it only produces real prosperity when it is expanding rapidly. By throwing over all pretence at maintaining the Republican sound finance principles to which it was pledged on taking office and by resorting to every kind of Keynesian pump-priming dodge, the Eisenhower Administration has succeeded in doing no more than holding the recession at the recession level.

While employment is down only two per cent, industrial output, manufacturers' new orders, and farm incomes are down 9 per cent, and factory sales of new automobiles—with their powerful influence on steel, rubber, glass, and so on—are down 23 per cent, all on last year. Retail sales are down by a very small amount, .3 per cent, wholesale prices down .8 per cent and factory earners weekly earnings down .5 per cent. This does not look desperate, and it is not desperate in its immediate effects. But the pessimistic school of economists argued last year that for the economy to maintain its ground, an increase of at least 3 per cent in industrial output would be required during the year, that keeping industrial output at the 1953 level would mean trouble, and that falling short of it would mean serious trouble. The President and his advisers are apparently heedful of this view, and in Mr. Eisenhower's statement on the health of the U.S. economy, delivered on August 12, he chose to compare the industrial output figure for the first half of 1954, not with that of the first half of 1953, but with 1952, a comparison which produced a satisfactory figure of an increase of 3 per cent. The fact that the figures for 1954 represented an actual decline in industrial output over 1953 in the comparable period was dealt with in the following passage, which every aspiring politician should get by heart as a model:

"Since 1952 was the best year before this administration took office, it follows that economic activity of late has been higher than at any time before this administration assumed responsibility. *And since 1953 was a still better year than 1954 is turning out to be*, it follows that the overall performance of the American economy thus far during this administration has been better than during any earlier time."

With this inspiring example, the magazine pundits and the politicians have gone ahead, as follows (in an argument that declining retail sales are unimportant): "Sales can increase a good deal, if people merely spend a little more and save a little less". And another passage of the same kind: "The next few weeks will be a kind of testing period, before recovery can become clear cut. Auto output will be reduced, model changeovers are expected to result in the longest shut downs since before World War II. Steel output in this period is likely to improve little. Building may slacken in the second half of the year; that is the normal seasonal trend. These problems are not likely to prolong the recession, however, so long as the present mood of confidence prevails."

An economy based on moods is all right, I guess, but I wouldn't be sure.

*PRESIDENT EISENHOWER reports on the economy: "The overall performance . . . during this administration has been better than during any earlier time".*

OV Time - Life - Fortune's new weekly, *Sports Illustrated*, made publication after all, and is now on the stands. Its third issue came to hand the other day, with a picture on the cover of a fine looking girl with a nice bust bobbing in the surf. I wouldn't know what sport was being illustrated. Inside there were some rather puzzling color spreads, one of an Italian horse race with several pictures out of focus to show the horses were moving or something, another of a baseball game with some more pictures out of focus to make the same point about baseball players. There was also an article on Canadian football that contained an exhortation by a CBS man to the American public not to believe that Canadians are a cold, reserved people.

The pages that seemed to mean most to me were two covered with a banner that ran, "The whole family goes shopping for fun in *Sports Illustrated*". This showed a man sitting on his fanny, a girl lying on hers and eating chocolates out of a box, a boy lying down, and a woman standing up in a kitchen, sportsmen and sportswomen all. Each one of them was

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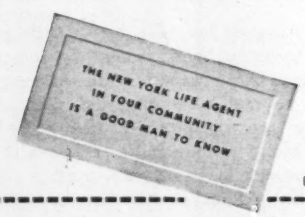


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thinking a thought printed across the double-page spread: "How would it be to own that gun, go places on those tires, stay at that hotel, wear that hat, have that shaver, try that drink, smoke that pipe? Boy would I like an outboard motor, a fishing rod, a pair of binoculars, a flashlight, that motor scooter, that special hair tonic, and those nifty shoes. . . ?"

While brooding over this spread I dropped into a bar off Madison Avenue and fell into conversation with some men in the magazine business on the editorial side. The talk took a philosophical turn and the function, lord help us, of a magazine came up, along with the question of editorial responsibility. Presently I heard a serious voice stating, in all seriousness, that the primary duty of a magazine editor was to open up new fields for advertising, the function of the editorial material being quite simply bait. *Sports Illustrated* reflects this kind of thinking. It is a kind of chum pot made up out of the contents of the previous week's sports pages in the dailies. The big difference is that when the dailies print photographs they generally pick the ones that are in focus, perhaps because they're aimed at sports fans and not at the hair tonic and nifty shoe crowd.

. •

## *The Meditations of Clem Ah Lee*

(A sad poem from the Chinese)

When I held office under the late King
I tried to bring fair shares to all the people.
I was affectionately handled by the cartoonists.
And was held up as a model to fathers of families.

Now in exile I am growing old,
And the public no longer appreciate my motives.
How hard is the lot of a rejected politician!
I have travelled East to bring goodwill to a nation
Who fail to understand our way of life.
But when I pluck the lotus blossom
my people whisper "Korea":
When the eyes of the dancing girls shine green in the moonlight
they remind me of Vietnam:
When at a banquet I empty the rice bowl
Formosa is written there.

The first leaves of Autumn fall on the jade floor.
The taste of shark's fin is bitter in my mouth
And the chilling breeze brings rumors of elections.

P. F. WIDDOWS

## From small logs

Pulp and paper operations have increased enormously the value of the forests to Canadians. Four-fifths of the pulpwood cut consists of mature trees, nine inches or less in diameter, which are unsuitable for sawlogs. Incidentally, some mills operate on sawmill waste; and some use inferior species including the bark and branches. The industry takes only one-fifth of the total annual wood consumption—much less than the sawmills, and little more than is consumed for fuelwood, or by fire, insects, and disease.

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*Drawing by Franklin Arbuckle, R.C.A.*

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SCOTCH WHISKY
HILL THOMSON & CO. LTD., EDINBURGH

Turofsky

*If quarterbacks were cats, they would be squashed flatter than Dover soles.*

# The Social Scene

## *Smokers of the World, Unite*

By P. G. Wodehouse

IT CAN scarcely have escaped the notice of thinking men, I think, being a thinking man myself, that the forces of darkness opposed to those of us who like a quiet smoke are gathering momentum daily and starting to throw their weight about more than somewhat. Every morning I read in the papers a long article by another of those doctors who are the spearhead of the movement. Tobacco, they say, plugs up the arteries and lowers the temperature of the body extremities, and if you reply that you like your arteries plugged up and are all for having the temperature of your body extremities lowered, especially during the summer months, they bring up that cat again.

The cat to which I allude is the one that has two drops of nicotine placed on its tongue and instantly passes beyond the veil. I can't see the argument. Cats, as Charles Stuart Calverley said, may have had their goose cooked by tobacco juice, but are we to deprive ourselves of all our modest pleasures just because indulgence in them would be harmful to some cat which is probably a perfect stranger?

Take a simple instance such as occurs each fall week on the Rugby football field. The ball is snapped out, the quarterback gathers it, and instantaneously two huge linemen fling themselves on his person, grinding him into the mud. Must we abolish rugby because some sorry reasoner insists that if the quarterback had been a cat, he would have been squashed flatter than a Dover sole?

It is pitiful to think that that is how these men spend their lives, putting drops of nicotine on the tongues of cats day after day after day. Slaves to a habit, is the way I look at it. But if you tell them that and urge them to pull themselves together and throw off the shackles they just look at you with fishy eyes and mumble something about it can't be done. Of course it can be done. All it requires is will power. If they were to say to themselves "I will not start putting nicotine on cats' tongues till after lunch", it would be a simple step to knocking off during the afternoon and by degrees they would find that they could abstain altogether.

But how few of them can see this. You think you have driven home your point, but no. Back comes that fishy-eyed look, and before you know where you are they are off again with their "Place two drops on the tongue of a cat . . .". The result is that day by day in every way we smokers are being harder pressed. Like the troops of Midian, the enemy prowl and prowl around. First it was James the Second, then Tolstoy, then all these doctors and now—of all people—Miss Gloria Swanson, who not only has become a non-smoker herself but claims to have converted a San Francisco business man, a Massachusetts dress designer, a lady explorer, a television script writer

and a Chicago dentist.

"The joys of not smoking," she says, "are so much greater than the joys of smoking", omitting, however, to mention what the former are. From the fact that she states that her disciples send her flowers, I should imagine that she belongs to the school of thought which holds that abstention from tobacco heightens the sense of smell. "Do you realize," these people tell you, "that if you stop smoking you will be able to smell better?" I don't want to be able to smell better. Living in New York, I often find myself wishing that I didn't smell the place as well as I do.

But I have no quarrel with Miss Swanson. We Wodehouses do not war upon the weaker sex. The bird I am resolved to expose before the bar of world opinion is the late Count Leo N. Tolstoy.

For one reason and another I have not read Tolstoy in the original Russian, and it is possible that a faulty translation may have misled me, but what he is recorded as saying in his Essays, Letters and Miscellanies is that an excellent substitute for smoking may be found in twirling the fingers, and there rises before one's mental eye the picture of some big public dinner (decorations will be worn) at the moment when the toast of the Queen is being drunk.

"The Queen!"

"The Queen, God bless her!"

"Gentlemen, you may twirl your fingers."

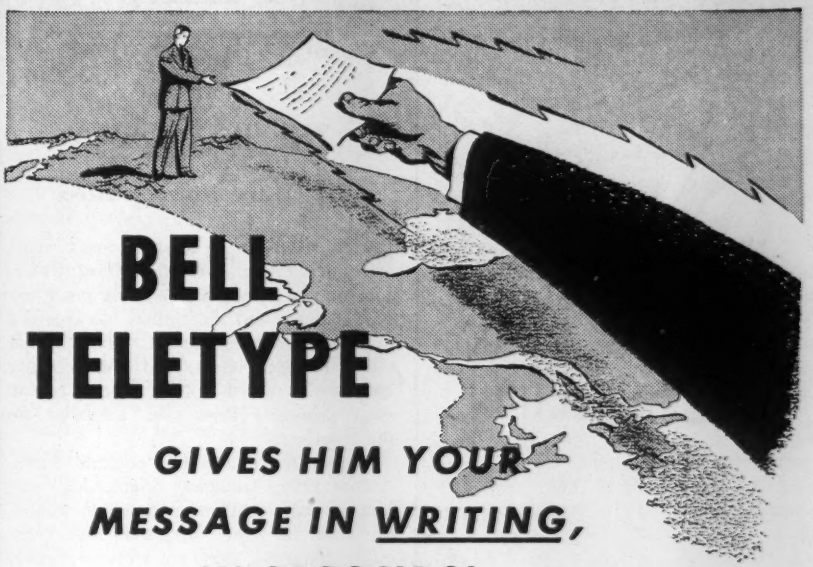
It wouldn't work. There would be a sense of something missing. And I don't see that it would be much better if you adopted Tolstoy's other suggestion—viz. playing on the dudka. But then what can you expect of a man who not only wore a long white beard but said that the reason we smoke is to deaden our consciences, instancing the case of a Russian murderer who half-way through the assassination of his employer found himself suffering from cold feet?

"Only when he had stupefied himself with tobacco," says Tolstoy "did he feel sufficiently fortified to return to the bedroom and finish dispatching the old lady."

Stupefied with tobacco! They must have been turning out powerful stuff in Russia under the old regime.

And, of course, our own manufacturers are turning out good and powerful stuff today, and what I am leading up to is that we should all avail ourselves of it. Smoke up, my hearties. Never mind Tolstoy. Ignore G. Swanson. Forget the cat. Think what it would mean if for want of our support the tobacco firms had to go out of business. There would be no more of those photographs of authors smoking pipes, and if authors were not photographed smoking pipes, how would we be able to know that they were manly and in the robust tradition of English literature?


SAME CITY OR ACROSS THE CONTINENT...



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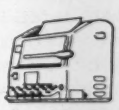

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# Films

## *The Weaker Sex*

By Mary Lowrey Ross

IT MUST BE at least a dozen years since I last saw *Magnificent Obsession* on the screen and nothing much except the cast and the clothes has changed in the intervening period. The original thesis remains intact; and commercially speaking it turned out to be one of the most profitable lines ever advanced on this continent.

Stated in the simplest possible terms, Author Lloyd Douglas's original idea was nothing more than the notion that women are a far, far better thing than men. Generally speaking, they are stronger, wiser, steadier-nerved, clearer-eyed and, above all, more magnanimous than their selfish and vacillating mates.

It seems unlikely that Mr. Douglas, a man of rather simple outlook, promoted this notion deliberately. The novel probably evolved of itself, as such novels do, and its instant success was no doubt as much of a surprise to its author as it was to the first publisher's reader who rejected the original manuscript on sight, and lived to regret it. But how was she, or her publisher, to know that the heroine of *Magnificent Obsession* was an immortal, destined to rise over and over again, like Aphrodite, from an increasingly effervescent bubble bath?

At least a dozen years before the publication of *Magnificent Obsession*, Author A. S. M. Hutchinson came forward with the same idea, in this case reversing the sex-situation. His Mark Sabre of *If Winter Comes* was the male counterpart of Lloyd Douglas's heroine. He was wise, good, sensitive and suffering. He, too, was entangled with a stinker for a mate—in this case an even more incorrigible type than the playboy of *Magnificent Obsession*. *If Winter Comes* also ran into countless editions and was eventually made into a motion picture. After that, however, something went wrong. The Mark Sabre hero didn't inspire imitation, possibly because the writers of popular novels recognized instinctively that the suffering soap-opera hero had little future, whereas the suffering soap-opera heroine was a natural, destined to become the magnificent obsession of millions of American housewives.

On the whole, I found the original version of *Magnificent Obsession* more tolerable than the current one. This is partly because Mr. Douglas's heroine, as played by Irene Dunne, came on the scene early,

*Universal*

*JANE WYMAN: Made to suffer.*

before we had begun to realize that the rustle of angel wings can become in time as exacerbating as the sound of a loose shutter. It may also have been because Miss Dunne herself had a tart and lively quality that helped to redeem some of the story's stickier passages.

No such alleviation is permitted in the case of Jane Wyman, cast as the ineffable Helen in the current version. This is a pity, since Jane Wyman is also a lively girl, perfectly capable of handling a volatile role if given half a chance. Unfortunately for poor Miss Wyman, she made her Academy Award triumph as an unhappy deaf mute, and ever since there has been someone on hand to make sure not only that she suffers tortures, but that she goes through her ordeal with at least one of her five senses impaired.

Rock Hudson, who plays the role once assigned to Robert Taylor, seemed equally improbable as the reckless playboy who brought about the heroine's disasters, as the Seeing-Eye Dog who guides her through the worst of her troubles, and as the successful eye-surgeon who finally repairs the damage. Robert Taylor had at least sufficient histrionic presence to make him seem plausible, if not as a human being, at least as a popular hero.

*Sabrina* is a lively Cinderella comedy, starring the enchanting Audrey Hepburn. She is cast as a chauffeur's daughter who goes to Paris and comes back to fascinate the two well-heeled sons of her father's employer. The sons are William Holden and Humphrey Bogart, and while Mr. Holden appeared to be relatively at ease as a Long Island playboy, Mr. Bogart, cast as a conscientious and hard-working industrialist, seemed to be having difficulty with a role that fitted him like a tight Sunday suit. Mr. Bogart is fine in a trench-coat or wind-breaker. Audrey Hepburn is wonderful in anything.

# Books

## *Letters of a Cheerful Adventurer*

By Robertson Davies

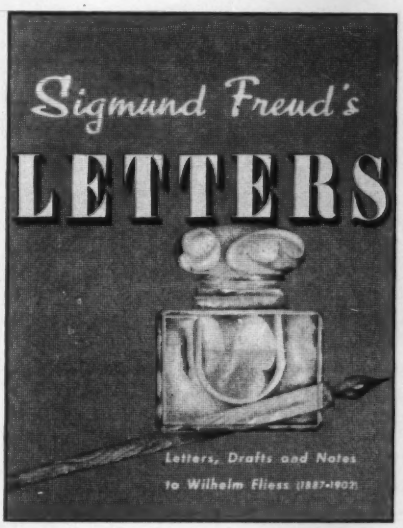
AT FIRST GLANCE, the letters written by Sigmund Freud to his friend Wilhelm Fliess, between 1887 and 1902, do not look like lively and engrossing reading. But that is precisely what they are, and though I am sure that they will not suit every taste, they will certainly prove interesting to any readers who have even a mild interest in psychoanalysis.

You have no such interest? You think that the human mind is best left alone? You have not read anything by Freud, but you know that he was a dirty man who thought that sweet little babies had nasty thoughts? My dear friend, may I persuade you—no, no, not to abandon these cherished beliefs at once—but to suspend your judgment for a time? Even psychologists who disagree with much of what he wrote admit the great work he did in advancing our understanding of the behavior of that infinitely complex and fascinating creation, the human mind. It is with Freud as it is with Einstein; you need not know all that he is talking about in order to recognize the revolution that he has brought about in a most important field of human knowledge. And if you want to learn something of Freud's ideas, and something about himself at the same time, the new volume of his letters provides you with a means.

These letters to Fliess describe Freud's own earliest independent investigations in the realm of the mind. They describe his daily life as a specialist in nervous diseases in Vienna during the late nineteenth century. They tell about the patients who came to him for treatment, and they tell very frankly of his failure to give help to many of them. They tell of the death of his father, and the mental depression which followed that event. And they tell of his determination to track that depression to its roots by analyzing himself—an extraordinary feat of self-examination which led him to discoveries that were the foundation of his technique of psychoanalysis. As an adventure in the spirit this book must be ranked very high indeed; I do not hesitate to rank it with Rousseau's *Confessions* as a work of absorbing interest, and it is a greater book in proportion as Freud was a greater man than Rousseau.

If this brings brickbats from the anti-Freudians, let them come. Whatever the final judgment of history may be upon Freud's theories (which have undergone some modifications by his disciples, as well as extensive raiding by people with other theories of the mind) I do not think that anyone will be able to assert that Jung, or Adler, or any other father of a school of psychology is a man comparable to Freud in respect of courage, integrity and fruitful intuition.

The recipient of these letters, Wilhelm Fliess, was a Berlin physician and biologist, who specialized in respiratory diseases, and in particular those that related to the nose. He was an extraordinary man




*JACKET DESIGN by M. Peter Piening.*

in the quality and persistence of his curiosity, and Freud first met him through their common concern in the problem of cocaine as it affected the nasal mucous membrane. But Fliess had theories that related the diseases in which he specialized to certain nervous complaints and to the sexual life in general; he was also an investigator in the realm of sexual periodicity, and attempted to establish the existence of a periodical sexual rhythm in men. He carried this theory to lengths which, in the end, alienated Freud, and which have not been approved by subsequent scientists. He was a man with a bee in his bonnet, and for a time it looked as though his bee and Freud's bee might hive together. But Freud's bee grew into an eagle, and Fliess's bee dwindled into something rather more like a wasp.

However, the friendship was a close one while it lasted, and Fliess played an important role in Freud's life as a confidant and critic. We gain some insight, as we read these letters, into the situation of the scientific pioneer; new ideas crowd in upon him, and they are so revolutionary in nature that he is almost afraid of them; he must test them on somebody, and that somebody must be both sympathetic and sufficiently trained to understand what is being said. Fliess was the sounding-board for Freud. And in this first exercise in self-analysis he filled the important function of listener — as the analyst must do for his patient. And, as the patient is sometimes dependent on the analyst, and sometimes impatient of him, so Freud's attitude toward Fliess underwent important modifications.

We feel rather sorry for Fliess. His letters do not appear in the book; they have been lost. But we have Freud's comments upon the ideas that Fliess was trying out on *him;* we feel the reserve with which Freud greets some of these, and we know that a friendship of this kind cannot long survive that reserve. What began as a friendship between equals (with Fliess perhaps somewhat more advantageously placed than Freud) ends when one man has far outpaced the other. Poor Fliess may have his place in the history of psychoanalysis as Freud's whetstone.

The letters admit us into some intimacy with Freud and his family, but I must warn prospective readers that it does not tell of any extraordinary things. Freud was a man of great reserve. In his great book on the interpretation of dreams he analyzes many dreams of his own, and it gave him pain to include these, for the world to read. In his letters he reveals some of his dreams, but we feel that he has concealed many more. Even when he mentions an incident of his own childhood, when he chanced to see his mother naked while they shared a railway sleeper, he cloaks the revelation in the decent obscurity of Latin. Indeed, this reserve, amounting almost to prudery, which was characteristic of Austrian professional society in the '80s, may have had a more powerful effect than has yet been estimated on certain psychoanalytical ideas.

IT would be delightful to reconstruct beautiful, gay Vienna, as it appears in a hundred comic operettas, from the case-reports of Dr. Sigmund Freud. It would appear as a world of card-parties, of sober discussions with students, of ladies in a hysterical tizzy because a tenor had fondled them in a dark corner, of bankers who have disabling physical symptoms because they are worrying about youthful masturbation, of endless intrigue with unpleasant chambermaids, of jealous officialdom and endless bowing and scraping toward the rich. This is not the world of

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*Die Fledermaus*, so much as the seedily neurotic world pictured by Ibsen. No wonder the Viennese were gay and had such a high opinion of their own sinfulness! In their world of etiquette and petty bourgeois concerns virtually anything one could wish to do (except work and collect medals) had a spice of sin about it.

Against this background Freud treated his patients, played happily with his children, lived on terms of the deepest affection with his wife and his relations—and, after the ten or twelve hours' professional work which ensured the necessary 700 florins a week, sat down each night to the painful, frustrating, joyous and infinitely adventurous work of tracing the origins of his own thoughts, emotions and opinions.

He was poor. His promotion was delayed because he was a Jew. Many of his colleagues thought him a man dirtily obsessed with nasty notions. Officials snubbed him. He sometimes doubted himself and time after time a new theory failed to prove itself in experiment. Yet, in a very dark hour in 1897 he could write: "I vary Hamlet's remark about ripeness—cheerfulness is all".

Here is greatness. Here is adventure. Here, astonishingly, is cheerfulness of the kind that carries men through great enterprises.

**SIGMUND FREUD'S LETTERS**—Letters to Wilhelm Fliess, Drafts and Notes, 1887-1902—edited by Marie Bonaparte, Anna Freud, Ernst Kris—pp. 486 with bibliography and index—*Clarke, Irwin*—$8.50.

•

## *Conformist*

From tried and beaten paths he never strays,
Stern duty and convention fill his days.

The measure of his life is cued by clocks,
Upon his sheltered ways no frenzy knocks.

He uses overshoes and an umbrella,
When he was young his father said: "Stout fella".

He has the blue plate special for his lunch,
He never takes a chance, or plays a hunch.

He meets insurance and his budget bills,
He regularly spurns the pace that kills.

His office coat has leather arms and cuffs,
When it gets cold he huddles in ear muffs.

His portrait on the mantel seems too harsh,
He could have done with just a touch of Karsh.

He is a very much respected guy—
But for the fear of boredom there go I. . .

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# The Public Prints

*London Spectator:* I am becoming convinced that road accidents would be lessened if no one was allowed to drive under 40 miles an hour except in built-up areas. A queue of five cars, nose to tail, bumbling along at 20 mph arouses in the driver of the sixth such a feeling of impatience that he is liable, after a few miles, almost to prefer an accident to any further contemplation of the loiterer's rear. Desperation takes the wheel, and regardless of the perils ahead he tries to pass his tormentors. It is the slow drivers, not the fast, who should be fined for dangerous driving.

*Kitchener-Waterloo Record:* Child psychologists come up with some queer ideas. For instance, they are advising parents to force themselves to think and act as children, to make children "feel at home". This is a childish idea, if there ever was one. Too many parents already act like children. If they don't soon start acting like parents, and enforce discipline as they should be doing, they will be bringing up a generation of children that won't be able to meet the demands life makes upon them.

*Wall Street Journal*: In Cincinnati Mr. William F. Schnitzler, secretary-treasurer of the American Federation of Labor, made a speech in which he had some things to say about President Eisenhower's "Cadillac cabinet".

The implication, of course, was that anybody who owns a Cadillac is a fatcat whose special interests are kicking the working man around. In short, an economic royalist.

Well, John L. Lewis is president of the United Mine Workers.

Dave Beck is president of the Teamsters' Union.

George Meany is president of Mr. Schnitzler's AFL.

All these gentlemen own cars.

You guessed it.

*Le Droit*: Great Britain is opposed to taking part in the plan for the European army on the pretext that its membership in the Commonwealth prevents it. No one understands that position very well. Mr. Churchill should explain to the French how it happens that Great Britain is prepared to take part in a pact for the protection of South Asia. Here there is no question of opposition because the United Kingdom is part of the Commonwealth. Logic is not the strong point with some statesmen.

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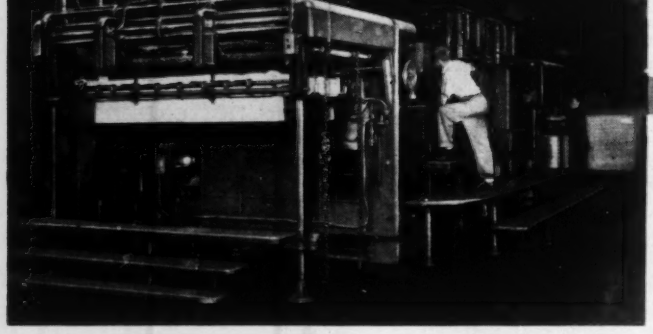

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*JOHN DECKER and John Barrymore fencing with cutlasses in John Decker's studio with Gene Fowler as referee.*

# *Minutes of the Last Meeting: Sedition and Truth*

By GENE FOWLER: PART VIII

AFTER Sadakichi was divorced from Betty Walsh Hartmann he married a Quaker, Lillian Bonham. He refused to discuss this marriage, beyond stating the fact that he and his second wife went from New York to live in San Mateo, California. There Sadakichi suffered from asthma much of the time, but managed to rewrite several chapters of a work called *Passport to Immortality*. The Hartmanns later moved to Beaumont.

"Like the Emperor Nero," he said, "I have always been misunderstood. Nero wanted to burn down the slums, nothing more; but the wind changed, and all Rome burned. Everywhere I lived I was regarded as a dangerous freak, because I dealt in truth. Truth more often than not is both unwelcome and dangerous."

Ever since 1910, he went on to say, he had been hounded by secret-service men, policemen, private investigators, and stool-pigeons. As an example of this chronic persecution, he recalled a personal incident that occurred soon after the United States entered the First World War. He had gone from Beaumont to San Francisco, upon learning that the saloon-keepers there were prospering enormously because of the patronage of shipyard workers. He took with him a large supply of his pamphlets and books.

"When these war-workers drank," Hartman said, "and especially when they became drunk, they had another kind of thirst: a desire to improve their minds. They wanted to know what to read. I recommended Chesterfield (not the cigarette of that name) as a means for them to learn better manners, and my own works to give them culture. I sold my pamphlets and books at the bars every day, at very good prices."

Poet George Sterling obtained a part-time job for Sadakichi at the Bohemian Club. One day several Army officers, among them a military surgeon from the Presidio, were having something to drink at the club. They invited Hartmann to join them for a friendly glass or two or three. The surgeon spoke about German atrocities as reported from war-struck towns of Belgium.

Sadakichi remarked, "In time of war *all* soldiers of invading armies commit atrocities."

One of the officers said to Sadakichi, "You surely don't mean *our* boys?"

"*All* soldier boys," replied Hartmann. "American or Roman, French or Greek or —"

The officer interrupted sternly, "I beg your pardon! You cannot make remarks like that about our boys. May I remind you that seditious talk is a crime?"

"And may I remind you," replied Hartmann, "that you are committing a crime while drinking in uniform?"

Hartmann was bounced from the club, and several days later was arrested at his San Mateo home. The police took him to jail in Redwood City. When Sadakichi inquired as to the nature of the charge against him, his jailer merely told him that he could see and talk to no one.

"Can I depend upon that?" Hartmann said.

When court convened the next morning a bailiff informed Sadakichi that the charge against him was seditious utterance. Hartmann balked at going inside the courthouse, a building he described as "a baroque abortion". He demanded that he be tried outdoors, under a tree that had limbs stout enough to support his weight in the event of hanging.

At the preliminary arraignment the judge said to Sadakichi, "You don't believe in militarism?"

"I never said so in my books," Hartmann replied.

"I haven't read your books," the judge said.

"I can understand that. Hah!"

The judge released Sadakichi without bail, provided he go to work in the shipyards until the day of his trial, entered on the court calendar for two weeks hence.

Hartmann reported at the yards but stayed only an hour or so among the shipwrights. The next day he once again found himself in jail for having violated the terms of his temporary freedom.

"Why did you leave the shipyard?" he was asked.

"I did not like the design of the hulls. These cargo ships you're building are ugly; and I do not care for that or any other kind of man-made ugliness."

Sterling retained John S. Catlen to defend Hartmann. The lawyer persuaded the trial judge to hear the case in chambers. "Your Honor," he said, "this man is a poet."

"Yes," said the judge, "I have seen some of it. But he writes without rhyme. How can he be a poet? Like Bryant, for example? *Thanatopsis.*"

"Bryant's *Thanatopsis,*" Sadakichi said, "has no rhyme."

"That cannot be," the judge replied.

A copy of Bryant's works was procured from the public library. When the judge saw for himself that *Thanatopsis* contained no rhyme he had a more generous regard for the prisoner's intelligence and placed him on probation.

"But," he warned, "you must quit drinking. Otherwise I'll have to give you a stiff sentence."

At a celebration held at Paul Elder's bookstore Hartmann gave a lecture on Joseph Conrad. He got halfway through it — and all the way through a bottle of whisky. A probation officer reported this moral lapse to the judge.

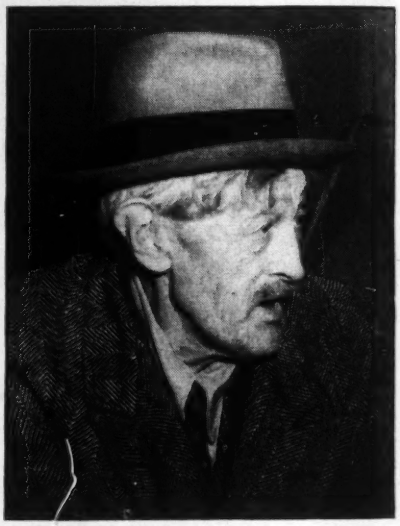
"Let him alone," said the jurist. "I only wish I dared speak my mind as freely as Hartmann does — and still be re-elected to public office."

Sadakichi left his Beaumont home in 1922 to return briefly to New York's Greenwich Village. "It was at about this time," Decker said, "that I met Sadakichi. I was doing the scenic designs for the

*Greenwich Village Follies*, and also working as a caricaturist for the theatrical pages of the *Evening World*."

Sadakichi nodded in agreement. "Modern civilization was dying then. You could hear the death rattle in the music, a fermented noise; and in art see the linoleum-makers' feeling for design. Literature was faring somewhat better than the other arts, but it too smelled of death, and had for its main theme the story of lost men in a hopeless world."

"There was a would-be sculptress who had a studio in Washington Mews," Decker recalled. "She was one of those wretched beings with one-nineteenth of a talent and lots of alimony. She announced to a select circle that she was going to unveil her latest masterpiece on such-and-such a night. I told Sadakichi about this chance to free-load, and we invited ourselves to the shindig. We found many social blossoms there, as well as the usual coterie of half-assed sycophants and poseurs who think that by rubbing up against bad art they can become good artists."



*SADAKICHI HARTMANN: "Like Emperor Nero, always misunderstood".*

For an hour or two before the unveiling, Decker continued, the guests swilled booze of bootleg origin. He and Sadakichi surreptitiously went to the upstairs studio to preview the sculptress's latest achievement. That work, hooded with a damp cloth, stood on a pedestal in the centre of the room. Sadakichi unswathed the object. It was a large hand done in modelling clay, with the fingers opened halfway, the palm extended upward.

Decker spied some plasticine and was prompted to use this material to model a huge phallus. He placed this in the clay hand, and Sadakichi rewrapped the ensemble.

"We returned to the company," Decker

said, "to have a few more drinks. The sculptress was having some difficulty in persuading her guests to lay off the bootleg booze long enough for the unveiling."

Finally she herded her guests up the stairs to the studio. As they gathered around the veiled object the sculptress explained to them that the love and enthusiasm one must have for artistic success are bound to be reflected in the accomplished masterpiece.

"She became transported as she talked," Decker said. "Then she took hold of the wet hood. 'Now quiet, everybody, please!' she called out. 'I felt truly inspired as I modelled this. And I hope that you will experience the same wonderful thrill when you look upon it.' She removed the cloth but did not immediately look at her handiwork. Instead she studied the faces of her drunken guests as though to catch their first reactions. She scarcely had time to say, 'I call it "The Hand of Friendship"', when there was hell to pay."

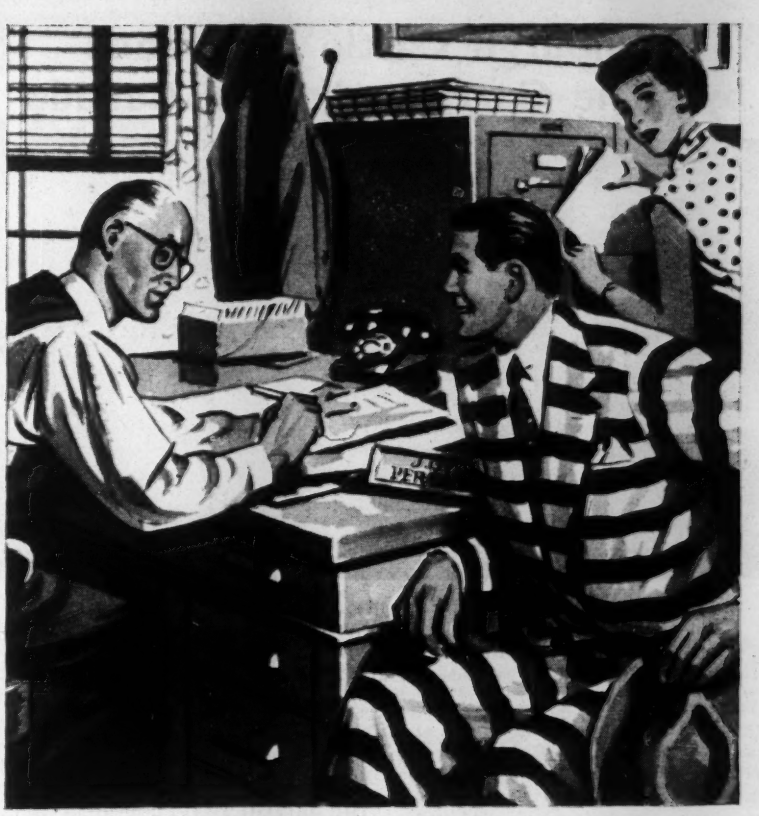
Some of the guests laughed, and others began to buzz among themselves. The sculptress turned to look at her masterwork. "She had a rush of blood to the head," Decker continued, "and might have fallen to the floor; but somebody held her up while a drink was supplied. Sadakichi was all for staying on, but I dragged him away when I heard someone mention the police."

Sadakichi decided to return to California after he was arrested in the backyard of a funeral parlor, where he had been gathering material for his brochure on cremation. The undertaker had just given one of his coffins a coat of varnish and had set it outside his establishment to dry in the noon-day sun. Sadakichi had seen the coffin from a window of Decker's second-storey room. He went to the yard with a bottle of whisky and made himself comfortable in the coffin. The undertaker found him asleep there and called the police.

Matt Moore kept Hartmann out of jail but advised him to leave town at once. Moore was making a great deal of money as a screen actor, working opposite Miss Marion Davies at the Cosmopolitan Studios in New York, and Sadakichi had heard of his good fortune. Hartmann read the newspapers carefully each day and compiled a list of potential benefactors whom he would write to or call on in person, if that were possible.

Moore was known as a "soft touch," so it was not long before Sadakichi sought him out. When he offered to serve as Moore's publicity man the actor bought him a typewriter, which Sadakichi at once pawned.

Moore had sublet the New York apartment of screen actress Aileen Pringle, a San Francisco girl who was on a visit to her parents in that western city. Sadakichi had met Miss Pringle in San Francisco

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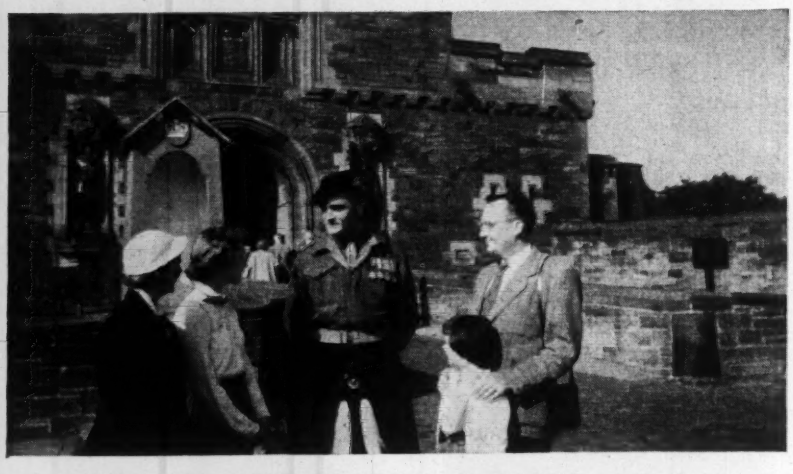

"EDINBURGH CASTLE IS ONLY ONE of the many places my family was delighted to visit in Britain last summer," says Mrs. Flint Garrison, from Brantford, Ontario. The Garrison family is shown here at the entrance to the castle. "We are all glad we made the trip. We saw so much — and for so little."

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and had persuaded some of her wealthy friends to finance a sequel to his quasi-religious book; the new work was entitled *The Last Thirty Days of Christ*. He had dedicated it to Miss Pringle.

Some weeks after Sadakichi left New York, Moore received instructions from Miss Pringle to send certain of her personal effects to San Francisco. While gathering together these things Moore discovered that Miss Pringle's first edition of *The Last Thirty Days* was missing. He knew Sadakichi well enough to presume that he had taken the book. The actor received a postal card from Hartmann, who wrote that he had stopped over at an artists' colony at Albuquerque, New Mexico. Moore telegraphed Sadakichi that he presently was going to Hollywood to live and work and advised Hartmann to meet him, with the book, at the Albuquerque railway station during the stopover of the Santa Fe *Chief*.

"Instead of meeting me with the book," Moore continued, "Sadakichi showed up with his luggage. 'Moore,' he said, 'I'm going out to Hollywood with you.' And he did."

One evening Moore invited William Randolph Hearst and a party of the publisher's friends to go home with him for a midnight snack. They entered the Moore residence and snapped on the lights, to find Sadakichi half-naked and asleep among an array of empty bottles. The publisher wanted no part of this scene. He retired with his companions just as Sadakichi roused to ask if the women members of the party were "concubines".

Moore said that one night in the late 1920s Miss Pringle brought H. L. Mencken to his house. "Sadakichi was staying with me," he continued, "and Mencken greeted him most graciously: 'Sadakichi! After all these years!' Mencken offered Hartmann a job on his magazine. 'You pick out any five contemporary writers,' Mencken said to him, 'and then write articles about them for *The Mercury*. I'll not edit your work any more than I have to, and I'll pay you the maximum rate.'

"Sadakichi replied, 'How much do I get in advance?'

"Mencken was too smart to give him anything in advance," Moore said. "It seems strange that Hartmann had had so many fine jobs offered him at various times in his life. He seldom accepted a job; or, if he did, would do something awful to lose it. It seems he never finished much of anything, except a friendship or a bottle."

*This is the eighth of ten excerpts from "Minutes of the Last Meeting", by Gene Fowler. Copyright 1954 by Gene Fowler. A Viking Press book published in Canada by The Macmillan Company of Canada Ltd. (pp. 277. $4.50). The ninth instalment will appear in next week's issue.*

# Business

## *Canadian Costs Increased By Inadequate Highways*

By R. C. BERKINSHAW

CANADIANS today look with pride on a series of tremendous transportation projects under way, or about to commence. The Seaway has captured the imagination of every man and woman in the Dominion. The building of pipelines across the country to move oil and natural gas has been the subject of news stories over the past six or seven years.

The use of air transport to build the Seven Islands railway and helicopters at Kitimat to string the power lines across the mountains follows in the bold traditions of the pre-war Canadian bush pilots. The dramatic transportation stories of today are following the pattern set by our forefathers when they pushed a railway across the then untilled lands of the West and over the Rocky Mountains.

Despite our record in meeting the problems arising from the geography of our country, however, we may find our most difficult task in the provision of an adequate road and highway system. We have overcome the obstacles of waterfall, muskeg, wilderness, and mountain, but we have not yet answered the challenge presented by our own man-made system of inadequate roads and highways.

The problem of highways in Canada has reached the acute stage. Most of our roads, designed for horse-drawn vehicles, are hopelessly out-of-date in the face of modern traffic. At the end of 1952, Canada had only 181,306 miles of surfaced highway, and of this total, 152,657 miles were gravel surfaced.

Today there are almost three and a half million vehicles moving over our highways. Given a reasonable level of prosperity, by 1964 there should be one and a half million more passenger cars, and commercial vehicles should increase by about 400,000 units. In other words, ten years from now we may expect a 50 per cent increase in the total number of vehicles on our highways. When we consider the traffic snarls so common today, and the terrible toll of traffic accidents recorded daily in our newspapers, the vision of what is in store for us ten years from now becomes appalling.

To the individual motorist, traffic congestion on our highways may be only a source of irritation, but to industry it is rapidly becoming a major factor in the cost of doing business.

Canada has reached a stage of maturity in which its economic expansion depends increasingly upon its facilities for the sure, speedy, and economic transportation of raw materials and finished product.

Despite the fact that Canada uses more rail transport per person than any other country in the world; despite the promise of the Seaway, and the benefits arising from our pipelines; despite the steadily increasing system of air transport, every industry in Canada is becoming more and more dependent upon the capacity of our highways.

One of the peculiar things about our transport picture is the fact that every time we increase the capacity of alternate transportation methods, we do not relieve congestion on our highways, but actually promote further road traffic.

Not too long ago, many Canadians were wondering whether Canada could support her two transcontinental railways. Today there should be no doubt on that score. It is true that there appears to be some conflict between the railways and trucking interests over certain classes of traffic available today, but it is important to remember that not only has highway traffic increased—so has rail traffic.

This situation applies in relation to other transportation systems: water traffic will increase with the Seaway and in turn create more highway traffic; the pipelines move products that would otherwise remain in the ground and in so doing have created new industries demanding highway service. Transportation is the key to the problem of distribution. Business today has found its progress and its profits kept down or wasting away through increased costs arising from inadequate highway and road facilities.

The city delivery truck replaced the horse and wagon of a few years ago with the promise of more loads and more miles per working day. Due to the difficulty of driving in congested areas, the modern delivery truck is often hard pressed to match the horse and wagon it replaced. Traffic tie-ups and road congestion force companies to add to their

Toronto

*"The vision of what is in store ten years from now becomes appalling."*

•

*Mr. Berkinshaw is President and General Manager of The Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company of Canada.*

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delivery fleets and in turn create more traffic for already overloaded streets.

The apparent and hidden costs to industry arising from street highway congestion are enormous.

The overall problem is divided into two phases: first, to increase the capacity of our present road and highway system, and second, to add to the system by new construction.

Considerable progress has been made in increasing the capacity of our road and highway system, but it has not kept pace with the ever-increasing road traffic.

The rubber industry has contributed through its development of new tires that allow heavier loads at increased speeds with greater safety and less cost per mile. Parallel to this development in tires has been the development by the automotive industry of trucks and tractor trailers capable of handling almost any type of commodity or cargo available today.

At the moment, however, we have few road surfaces capable of carrying capacity loads of present transport vehicles and the resultant waste from inadequate highway construction increases transportation costs to industry and, in turn to every Canadian consumer. The road building industry knows how to build roads that will not only eliminate present traffic bottlenecks, but be capable of carrying modern trucks loaded to capacity.

The rubber industry and the automotive industry have combined to develop construction equipment that has reversed the ratio of labor required to build highways. A few years ago the cost of a highway was based on 25 per cent for materials and 75 per cent for labor. Today, only 25 per cent of the cost is labor.

In short, we know the problems that face us because of inadequate highways; we know the type and even amounts of new construction needed; we have the engineering know-how to provide the required road and highway systems; and the automotive industry can produce the vehicles which can take full advantage of modern road construction.

The main obstacle facing us today seems to be the question of allocating or providing the funds necessary to carry out a road and highway program that will serve our current needs.

We have seen how readily funds became available for the pipelines, the Labrador railway, and the Seaway. It seems ridiculous to believe that our road and highway system is less deserving of support. The difficulty resolves itself into gaining the understanding and support of the voting public. When the public realizes the tremendous costs arising from our present inadequate system and the benefits of a comprehensive, businesslike approach to the problem, a major step will have been made toward suitable roads and highways for Canada.

# Who's Who in Business

## *"The Happiest Years of My Life"*

By John Irwin

BORN at Sunnidale Corners, Grey County, Ont., in 1886, John Russell Kennedy was a country boy "accustomed to freedom and few restrictions". He began his business career as a bookkeeper in Toronto. He whistled while he worked, a habit that annoyed his employer, who suggested he either quit whistling or go elsewhere. He left and started a career that has led to the board chairmanship of the Rexall Drug Company of Canada.

He went to work for the Sovereign Perfume Company, then the only firm of its kind in Toronto, where he learnt the art of manufacturing cosmetics. "As I look back on that work, I realize how primitive were the methods used," he says. "Talcum powder was forced through a farmer's sieve by hand, not silk spun as it is today. Cold cream was made over an open gas flame." A popular cosmetic in those days was a "rolling massage cream made from milk curdled by alum and the whey drained off through cheesecloth".

© Karsh

*JOHN R. KENNEDY*

In 1913, Mr. Kennedy joined Rexall as perfumer and manager of the toilet goods department. Since that time "I have enjoyed the experience of almost every important position in the Company," he says. He was appointed executive vice-president in 1935, president a year later and became chairman in 1948.

In his 41 years with Rexall, Mr. Kennedy, who signs himself John Rexall Kennedy ("I was so 'christened' by the late Louis K. Liggett, founder and president of the Company, at a convention some 20 years ago"), has attended over 200 Rexall conventions from coast to coast and covered more than 250,000 miles travelling on company business. He has visited Europe several times and seen several South American republics. He is proud of his Company and its excellent reputation throughout Canada.

In addition to his job at Rexall, Mr. Kennedy was the first president of the Canadian Foundation for the Advancement of Pharmacy. He was president (1937-50) of the Canadian Therapeutic Laboratories and (1933) of the Canadian Toilet Goods Manufacturers Association.

His interests during the past 40 years have been diverse. He has been President of the Toronto Convention and Tourist Association ("The work I have done for Toronto is only a very small part of what I owe it—this is a great city"), chairman (1925) Birch Cliff School Board, director (1944-48) Wellesley Hospital. He is also a Fellow of the Royal Society of Arts and a member of the Canadian Chamber of Commerce, the Canadian Institute, the Toronto Art Gallery, the Granite Club and the Royal Canadian Yacht Club ("I owned a 30-foot cruiser, which was my most pleasant diversion").

Despite his varied activities, he has found time to indulge in and expand his hobby of collecting fine glass, perfume bottles, paper-weights and antique glass pieces. His interest is shared by his wife (the former Marion Jean Neilson of Scarborough whom he married in 1916) and together they have built up an outstanding collection. They have around 1,400 perfume bottles of almost every conceivable color, shape and decoration.

The Kennedys have just moved into a new house—the first move in 40 years—on the shore of Lake Ontario along the Kingston Road. "In a modest way, it is a really pleasant, livable home." They have one son, Jack, who owns Canadian Tire at Cobourg, and three grandchildren.

His many years with Rexall, Mr. Kennedy says "have been the happiest of my life". Today his many business interests and his fascinating hobby keep him young and healthy. "Anyone who has lived an active life can never do nothing," he says.

EASTERN

BUILDS FOR INDUSTRY

THROUGHOUT ONTARIO

•

EASTERN CONSTRUCTION COMPANY LIMITED

WINDSOR ONTARIO


### CERTIFICATE OF REGISTRY

**No. C-1509**

has been issued authorizing The Reinsurance Corporation, Limited of London, England, to transact in Canada the business of Real Property Insurance in addition to Fire Insurance, Inland Transportation Insurance, Personal Property Insurance and, in addition thereto, Civil Commotion Insurance, Earthquake Insurance, Falling Aircraft Insurance, Hail Insurance, Impact by Vehicles Insurance, Limited or Inherent Explosion Insurance, Sprinkler Leakage Insurance, Water Damage Insurance, Weather Insurance and Windstorm Insurance, limited to the insurance of the same property as is insured under a policy of fire insurance of the company, for which it is already registered, limited to the business of reinsurance only.

### CERTIFICATE OF REGISTRY

**No. C-1510**

has been issued authorizing the Baltica Insurance Company Limited of Copenhagen, Denmark, to transact in Canada the business of Real Property Insurance in addition to Fire Insurance, Inland Transportation Insurance, Personal Property Insurance and, in addition thereto, Civil Commotion Insurance, Earthquake Insurance, Falling Aircraft Insurance, Hail Insurance, Impact by Vehicles Insurance, Limited or Inherent Explosion Insurance, Sprinkler Leakage Insurance, Water Damage Insurance, and Windstorm Insurance, limited to the insurance of the same property as is insured under a policy of fire insurance of the company, for which it is already registered, limited to the business of reinsurance only.

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Offices in Principal Canadian Cities, New York and London, Eng.

**Values In Depressed Industries**

A number of Canadian industries which have long played an important part in this country's economic life are currently experiencing depressed operations.

Out of such conditions may emerge exceptional investment values, the result of an overly pessimistic market appraisal of a company's shares.

For a discussion of this subject and five specific recommendations, write for a copy of our September Monthly Bulletin. It is available without obligation.

Ross, Knowles & Co. Ltd.

MEMBERS:
*The Toronto Stock Exchange*
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EMpire 8-1701

# Gold & Dross

By W. P. Snead

## *Hucamp Mines*

I HAVE *a few shares of Hucamp Mines. I paid an average of 68 cents for it. What do you think of it?—G. W. C., Ottawa.*

Hucamp holds about 3,000 acres adjoining the Geco property in the Manitouwadge area on the north, and on the east. This property was acquired from Conwest Exploration and others in return for 750,000 shares.

A magnetometer survey was conducted on the property early this year and three drill holes had been put down by early August. A much greater amount of drilling will be required to determine if a commercial ore deposit exists.

Conwest is supplying both the management and the underwriting, so the financing and the exploration work is in good hands.

It is up to the drills now to tell the story and future market action depends entirely upon what sort of ore picture is developed.

## *Price Brothers*

WHAT DO YOU *think of Price Bros. common? Do you consider it wise to hold it, buy it or sell it at the present price?—W.J.A., Iroquois, Ont.*

As Canada's fourth largest producer of newsprint, operating two mills with a combined capacity of 470,000 tons of newsprint a year, and also producing heavy papers and lumber, Price Bros. is a sound, well integrated firm. With timber holdings of some 7,500 square miles, the company is assured of a supply of raw wood to feed the mills at their present capacity for more than 60 years. The company produces much of its own power located on various rivers in the area in which it operates in Quebec.

The company is in an excellent financial condition with working capital of $30,193,645 comfortably above inventory and funded debt. Like other paper companies, earnings per share are down from the 1951 peak, where the common earned $3.82, to $2.67 in 1952 and $2.68 in 1953. Earnings this year may show some slight improvement, for although paper-board and lumber markets have remained weak, the demand for newsprint has remained strong. The United States market consumed 3,511,789 tons of newsprint for the first seven months of this year as compared to 3,524,253 tons last year. Canadian production, as reported by the Newsprint Association of Canada, was 3,441,685 tons as against 3,312,085 tons in 1953. Shipments of newsprint from Canada to the U.S. showed a modest increase for the seven months of 0.5 per cent, rising from 2,797,815 tons to 2,811,709 tons and Canadian consumers increased their purchases from 229,474 tons to 238,544 tons.

The stocks of the paper companies have been the darlings of the Toronto and Montreal markets, pacing the year-old, broad advance in the New York market. Price Bros. has been one of the leaders, rising a full 10 points from the 1954 low of 31½ to 41½. The move to the high dropped the yield on the present dividend rate of $2.00 under the 5 per cent mark and for the past 2 months the stock has churned in a narrow range between 39 and 41½.

Taking the broad view of the industry and of the stock market, the paper stocks have more than fulfilled the projections we advanced in our analysis of the prospects in the issue of Feb. 28, 1953. Despite the excellent outlook for the industry and prospects for stable earnings and dividends, we are inclined to the view that the time is at hand for investors to take long-term capital gains and take a more conservative position in high grade preferred stocks of almost equivalent yield such as the 4½ per cent preferreds soon to be issued by Power Corporation and British Columbia Electric and await an opportunity to reinstate their investments when the stock market cycle swings downward.

## *Aluminium*

I HAVE NOTICED *that you give an analysis of the chart patterns of stocks in your comments. Would you please give me an analysis of the chart pattern of Aluminium of Canada. I have been long in this stock but am now considering taking a short position.—J.R.S., Toronto.*

The chart accompanying the market action of ALI covers the period from April to the top of the recovery, when the stock closed at 65⅛. From April to June the price range was bounded by 54¾ and 58¼ where considerable resistance was evident at the top of the formation. The surge of buying that overcame this resistance lifted the stock in a straight line to 64 before a minor correction appeared. The pattern was repeated on a smaller scale at 64 and again at 67½, with the final upthrust lifting the price to 72½.

Following the fast retreat from the

high, another narrow formation between 68 and 69¼ developed; this was broken on the downside in a reversal of the formations that had produced the upward moves.

Since the chart was prepared a similar narrow pattern has been developing above 63 with bursts of selling testing the support that was available at 63-64 on the decline that preceded the advance to the high.

While a recovery to around 68 is technically possible, a spill through 63 would provide a primary down objective of 58-59 on the old resistance level. Should this be broken under the general pressure of a broad reaction in the key New York market, the decline could be

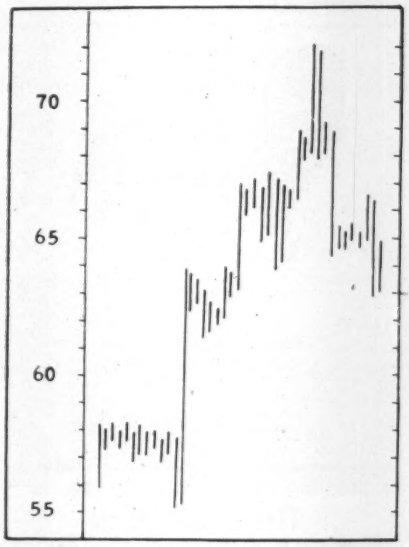


*Chart by N. A. de Munnik*

extended to a secondary objective of 50.

To take a short position one should wait for a recovery to around 68 to show signs of stalling and increase the position on a decline through 63 or, failing that, put out a short on the breaking of 63. The position should be protected with a stop loss two points above the low sale reached on the downswing.

### *Brown Company*

WHAT WOULD *you advise me to do with shares of Brown Co. common? I have heard that the Canadian properties of this company are to be sold to the International Paper Company. Is there any truth to this rumor and, if there is, how would it affect the market for my stock? I purchased my stock under $10 early this year and I am wondering if I should take my profit at the present price of 15½. — E. A. C., Montreal.*

The rumor of a deal between this company and International Paper has been persistent for quite some time. Recently an official stated that the sale of certain Canadian properties had been discussed but no decision had been reached. The


**United Kingdom Funds Transferable to Canada**

The Bank of England has recently announced new regulations regarding funds held in Great Britain by Canadian residents. These new regulations greatly facilitate the transfer of such funds to Canada.

The experience of our Canadian organization and our office in London, England in handling such transfers is available to assist holders of sterling balances, who are invited to consult us at any time.

**Wood, Gundy & Company**
Limited
Toronto Montreal Winnipeg Vancouver Halifax
Saint John Quebec London, Ont. Hamilton Ottawa
Kitchener Regina Edmonton Calgary Victoria
London, Eng. Chicago New York

At last **ANYONE** can take FINE Pictures

with the **NEW, COMPLETELY AUTOMATIC**

*Leica* **M 3**

Yes, now ANYONE can take FINE pictures with the new, automatic Leica M-3. You can bring the world right into your living room, with color pictures that really live . . . all taken without fear of failure, on the automatic Leica M-3. Remember . . . the FINEST color photographs are ALWAYS taken on a Leica.

- **Built-in universal viewfinder**
- **Built-in rapid winder**
- **Double action rangefinder**
- **Automatic parallax compensation**
- **Film speed "memo" dial**

Leica Camera, Department B, 431 Yonge St., Toronto, Ontario. SN-1

Please send me full information on the new Leica M-3.

Name.....

Street Address.....

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*Canadian Distributor — Walter A. Carveth Ltd.*

# Luckett's

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Famous for supplying a quality product for every office need

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Luckett's have a distinguished history of specializing in Loose Leaf of every description . . . from the popular Biltrite Section Post Binder to Ring Books—Memo Books — Visible Record Binders — Ledger Binders — Transfer Binders — and Sheets and Indexes.

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THE LUCKETT LOOSE LEAF LIMITED

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rumor has undoubtedly been a considerable factor in the rise of the common from the low of 8⅜ to the recent high of 16¼. The price of the stock seems considerably out of line with earnings. While the downtrend in earnings per common share, which dropped from the high of $3.17 marked in 1951 to $1.69 in 1952 and $1.04 in 1953, may have been halted and possibly even reversed, common dividends hardly seem in sight as yet.

Without the facts and figures of the deal reported under discussion, it is impossible to make any estimate of how it would affect the long-term picture of this company. The better approach appears to be to assess the market action of the stock as indicated on the chart. For several weeks now, each time the stock has advanced near the high of 16½ it has brought out offerings. As the story concerning International Paper is common knowledge, either its realization or rejection would likely cause "selling on the news". Those who have patiently waited for the news will hand out stock to the buyers who leap in, in the hopes of making a quick profit.

Judging by these factors it would appear to be time to take your profit or at least maintain a "stop loss" order just under the recent lows.

## *In Brief*

WHAT IS YOUR *opinion of Dorreen Mines Ltd.? We have shares purchased at 7 now priced at 4 cents.—H. L., Lardeau, B.C.*

•

Just a "hoper."

WHAT *is your opinion of Bevcourt Gold Mines?—D. M. F., Timmins, Ont.*

As a hold? Yes.

CAN YOU *give me any information on Oxbow Silver Mining Co.? — A. M. M., Halifax.*

Renamed Silver Arrow. Looks as if it went from bow to arrow to long shot.

CAN YOU *tell what happened to Pelican Long Lac? Are my shares of any value?—P. O. N., Toronto.*

That was one for the birds.

I WOULD *appreciate any information you can give me on Ribstone Valley Pete. — M. A., Dartmouth, N.S.*

Holds ground near Lloydminster heavy oil field, but no activity reported.

IN *1946 I bought some shares in Massive Yellowknife Mines. Are these shares any good now?—N. H. S., Edmonton.*

Got a match?

•

Readers requesting information from Gold & Dross must limit their inquiries to one stock and give their name and address in full. The purchase price of the stock should be stated.


THE WESTERN SAVINGS AND LOAN ASSOCIATION

HEAD OFFICE - WINNIPEG

CANADIAN INVESTMENT FUND

Ask your Investment Dealer or Broker for prospectus.

CALVIN BULLOCK Ltd.


## THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

**DIVIDEND NO. 271**

NOTICE is hereby given that a DIVIDEND OF THIRTY CENTS per share on the paid-up Capital Stock of this Bank has been declared for the quarter ending 31st October 1954 and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after MONDAY, the FIRST day of NOVEMBER 1954, to Shareholders of record at the close of business on 30th September 1954. The Transfer Books will not be closed.

By Order of the Board
N. J. McKINNON,
General Manager

Toronto, 3rd September 1954

## THE TORONTO MORTGAGE COMPANY

**QUARTERLY DIVIDEND**

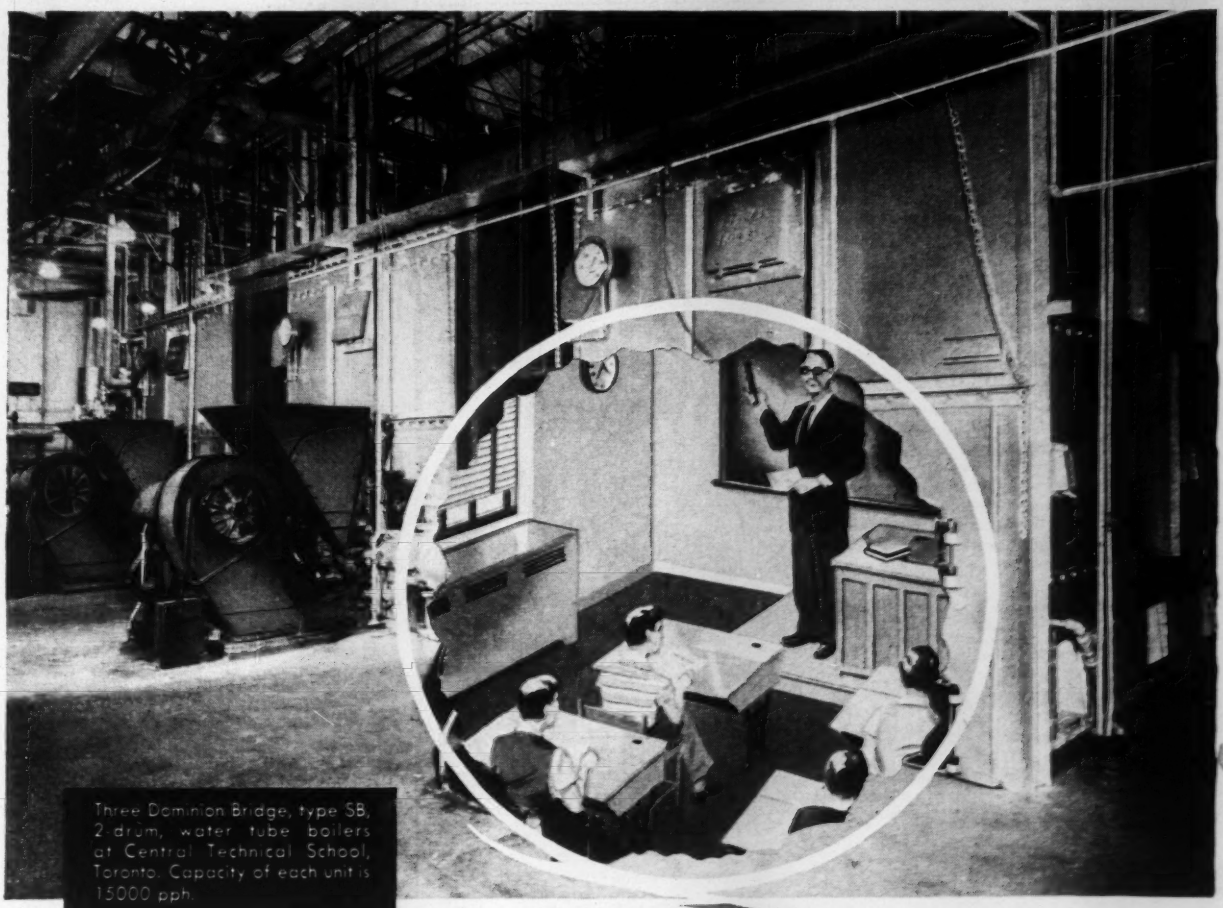
Notice is hereby given that a dividend of $1.25 per share upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Company has been declared for the current quarter, and that the same will be payable on

1st OCTOBER, 1954

to shareholders of record on the books of the Company at the close of business 15th September, 1954.

By order of the Board.
CHARLES PETTIT,
Manager.

September 9th, 1954



Three Dominion Bridge, type SB, 2-drum, water tube boilers at Central Technical School, Toronto. Capacity of each unit is 15000 pph.

# HEATING CENTRE OF AN EDUCATIONAL CENTRE

EVERY heating problem is a *special* one — as at the Central Technical School, Toronto, where three Dominion Bridge Water Tube Boilers supply steam at low cost for heating and other requirements.

Dominion Bridge Boilers range from small heating units to large steam generators for process and power purposes. May we co-operate with your consulting engineer in the solution of *your* heating problem?

*Write for Catalogue No: BG-113*

*Plants at:* MONTREAL, OTTAWA, TORONTO, WINNIPEG, CALGARY, VANCOUVER

*Assoc. Companies at:* QUEBEC, SAULT STE. MARIE, EDMONTON

*In the Maritimes:* ROBB ENGINEERING WORKS LIMITED, AMHERST, N.S.

BOILER DIVISION* DOMINION BRIDGE COMPANY LIMITED

*Other divisions: PLATEWORK STRUCTURAL MECHANICAL WAREHOUSE

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Reports, orders, specifications—sent with the speed of light . . . instantly, accurately duplicated in type, on one or all machines in your private network . . . acknowledged or answered immediately . . . no delays, no mistakes, no misunderstandings. PW Teletype speeds orders, eliminates costly duplication of warehousing and inventories. There's a place for Private Wire Teletype in your business, whether it's large or small.

Our Communications experts will be glad to demonstrate how PW can work for you. There is no obligation, call your nearest Telegraph Office.

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CANADIAN NATIONAL — CANADIAN PACIFIC

HANDLING MORE THAN 75% OF ALL CANADIAN TELETYPE SERVICE



they come to the

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ON-THE-PARK

from the four corners of the earth

*From Baghdad to Belem, from Boston to Burbank, discriminating travelers know and prefer the St. Moritz.*

From $7 single—From $10.50 double

*New York's only truly continental hotel*

ST. MORITZ

ON-THE-PARK

50 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH

CHARLES C. TAYLOR, PRESIDENT

Cable: Sanmoritz



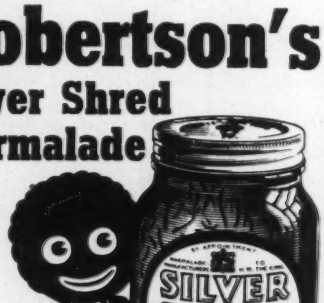
By Appointment Marmalade Manufacturers to the late King George VI
James Robertson & Sons (Preserve Manufacturers) Ltd.

*from Scotland*

FOR YOUR TABLE

Serve Robertson's Preserves today and see how *all* the family fall for them! For instance, have *you* tried delicious SILVER SHRED lemon jelly marmalade? You'll love its refreshingly different flavor . . . its delightful tang.

Robertson's Silver Shred Marmalade




*Some more treats for your table!*

GOLDEN SHRED MARMALADE—GINGER MARMALADE—Scotch Marmalade—Blackcurrant Jam—Redcurrant Jelly—Wild Bramble Jelly

*Made and packed in Scotland*


# Advertising

## *Products in Use*

By John Carlton

"WHO'S BEEN eating my corn flakes?" is the caption of an ad using a technique seldom resorted to by advertisers. It shows a small girl peering with concern into an empty package of Kellogg cereal. The traditional role adopted by manufacturers of packaged goods is to show the carton unopened, spick and span as it appears on the store shelf. Any suggestion that the product is actually used is rarely seen. With its slogan, "Good to the last drop!" Maxwell House coffee is an exception to the hide-bound practice; an upturned cup shows the "last drop" reluctantly detaching itself from the rim.

An ad for a British line of men's shoes for country wear made effective use of the same idea. A half-tone of an unretouched photograph showed a pair of shoes, muddied and scuffed but little the worse for wear after two years' hard usage. The suggestion of quality was perfectly conveyed.

The Kellogg technique of the empty package could be used with effect by other advertisers. Soft drink ads would register a stronger impact and have more sales appeal if they were not pictured full to the neck, but tilted to show the last few drops disappearing down the throat of an enraptured drinker. Similarly, cigarette ads would attract more interested attention and stimulate more sales if the package were half-empty and slightly crumpled, instead of the conventional immaculate carton with a few cigarettes popping up, but none removed.

### *Censorship*

Censorship of advertising, like that of books, is apt to have the opposite effect to the one desired. Two posters prepared for British temperance interests, intended for display over the system of the British Transport Commission, carried slogans to which the BTC took exception. The slogans were: "One for the road may be one for the grave", and "Think before you drink—it's harder to think afterwards". The furore arising from this "policy of discrimination", as the *Manchester Guardian* termed it, has caused the slogan to be printed in nearly every daily newspaper in the United Kingdom, with editorial comment in many.

The Magazine Advertising Bureau of Canada is lending powerful support with full-page color ads to the current campaign by Canadian pharmacists aimed at

increasing the prestige of the druggist in the eyes of the public. Following a brief summary of the professional status of the local pharmacist, MAB copy adds: "With this unique combination of service there is little wonder that the neighborhood drug store is the friendly centre of service in every community . . . For expert, friendly service visit your neighborhood drug store often; for guides to quality and value, read the advertisements in your national magazines."

Collectively, doctors receive more advertising in the mail than any other group. A recent survey and analysis of mail received by a typical doctor in a year shows an enormous increase in the number of mailings during the past ten years. Unsolicited sampling has almost doubled in that time. From May 1, 1953, to April 30, 1954, doctors received more advertising matter by mail than during any previous similar period. Most of the increase came from pharmaceutical manufacturers with new drugs, or improvements in old products, to announce. Dentists, as well as doctors receive heavy mailings of this nature and the expert care devoted to copy and illustrations—and samplings—is freely acknowledged by members of both professions who find the technical information definitely helpful.

## *Brand Names*

The importance of national brand names, made familiar and pre-sold to every household in the land by means of consistent and big-scale advertising, is evidenced by the retail announcements by chain stores and supermarkets every week in newspapers. All of these retail outlets have their own private brands which they promote through advertising, good position in the stores, and tactful word-of-mouth by store attendants. Satisfactory sales volume, however, depends on the rapid turnover of well-known brands and few products that are not familiar to the consumer are given shelf-room. A large-space ad by the Independent Druggists Alliance, serving all member stores, is typical of this type of advertising to counteract the inroads of the big chain operators.

An innovation in the use of "hooker" ads was seen in the announcement of a new store opened by Grand & Toy Ltd., in Toronto.

The "hooker" is being more and more used by retailers as a tie-in with a national ad, to indicate where the product is available locally. This method of co-operative advertising was reversed in the case of the Grand & Toy announcement, measuring 7½in. by 13in., and flanked by "hookers" of more than thirty suppliers and manufacturers whose products are available at G&T stores.

MINTON
"Ardmore" FINE ENGLISH BONE CHINA
The quality of MINTON China assures a lifetime of beauty and service. "Ardmore" on the famous Fife shape features a turquoise band of oak leaves on an ivory shoulder. Centre floral spray in natural colors is on white—edging is in gold.
"THE WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL CHINA"
SEE IT AT CANADA'S LEADING CHINAWARE STORES
—or write Meakin & Ridgway (Canada) Ltd., 55 Wellington St. W., Toronto, for the name of your nearest dealer
MINTON
BONE CHINA
MADE IN ENGLAND

HANS FREAD'S
SIGN OF THE STEER
161 DUPONT STREET
For Reservations Call WA. 4-7397
toronto's Steak-house of distinction
DUNCAN HINES AND A.A.A. APPROVED
WINNER of HOLIDAY MAGAZINE AWARD, 1953

Advertising and publication printing
★
Saturday Night Press
71 RICHMOND ST. W., TORONTO


**McCOLL-FRONTENAC OIL COMPANY LIMITED**

**PREFERRED STOCK DIVIDEND NO. 33**

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a Dividend of $1.00 per share being at the rate of 4 per cent per annum has been declared on the 4% Cumulative Preferred Stock of McColl-Frontenac Oil Company Limited for the quarter ending September 30th, 1954, payable October 20th, 1954, to shareholders of record at the close of business on September 30th, 1954.

By Order of the Board.

FRED HUNT, F.C.I.S.,
Secretary.

**IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA**

**DIVIDEND NO. 257**

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend of Thirty Cents (30c) per share has been declared for the quarter ending 30th October, 1954, payable at the Head Office and Branches on and after Monday, the 1st day of November next, to shareholders of record of 30th September, 1954.

By Order of the Board.

JOHN S. PROCTOR,
General Manager.

Toronto, 1st September, 1954.

# EATON'S

## Co-Educational...

## JUMPER AND SWEATERS

Fashioning a smart new career on campus, in offices—
the slim easy wool jumper-dress and the changing-mood
sweaters . . . Here, just typical honour graduates of the
College and Career Collections all across Canada at Eaton's.

EATON'S . . . CANADA'S LARGEST RETAIL ORGANIZATION . . . STORES AND ORDER OFFICES FROM COAST TO COAST

# women

ARRIVING *for lunch at Desjardins's seafood restaurant in Montreal: the model at left wears a suit costume of a 36-in. coat and skirt of soft lightweight velours, with a slip-through scarf neckline, by Louis Schrier, about $95, at all Holt Renfrew stores and at George Straith, Victoria. At right is a Victorian fitted coat of mink-toned fleece, with a beaver collar. The coat is Pellon lined, to retain the stand-out shape of the three tiers of flat tucks in the skirt. By Miss Style, about $110, at Eaton's.*

*For further Montreal fashions, see pages 36 and 37.*

## *Conversation Pieces:*

MAE WEST has successfully flouted every change in the feminine silhouette for the past thirty-five years. Among world celebrities she is probably the one least disturbed by the new Dior trend.

While the brassière industry retools and the feminine world debates, Miss West continues a life-long routine of figure-building—a five-mile walk in the morning, followed, and sometimes accompanied, by a brisk work-out with ten-pound bar-bells. This keeps the West figure in its traditional shape and enables her to treat the brassière-and-foundation garment industry with the same indulgent contempt she exercises towards the rest of the human race.

FOR YEARS haberdashers have been battling the masculine tendency to go bareheaded. Now the milliners find themselves in the middle of the fight. Women have started going hatless, too.

The hair-stylists are largely to blame for the feminine trend. Women, it seems, are unwilling to cover up a twenty-five dollar hair-cut, even with a fifty-dollar hat. They revert to hats only when the hair-cut turns out to have been a flagrant mistake—such as an Italian haircut that has made the head look like a riot of irrelevant wisps, or the Butch or "burr" haircut that has left its wearer looking as though she were trying to grow her hair again after a bad attack of typhoid.

The milliners have been quick to take advantage of these errors in judgment. As a result we seem to be in for deep-crowned models, designed along the lines of that wonderful old fur-felt cloche under which Garbo has been taking refuge for years. It is even possible—so complex and profound is the stylist's knowledge of feminine psychology—to buy oneself a cloche with a back fringe of monkey-fur, which suggests you have repented of your Italian hair-cut and are growing it out.

HOME and School Clubs have the general endorsation of the public and it was a surprise to read a recent attack on this respected institution by an anonymous correspondent. Parents, it was pointed out, are primarily interested in their own children and try, through the Home and School Club, to influence teachers in the direction of favoritism. The more active the parent, the critic added, the more likely she was to be a meddler in educational affairs. It was suggested that parents should form study groups apart from the schools. This would give them every needed opportunity to study other parents' children and other children's parents, while leaving Teacher out of it. Teacher, it was suggested, would appreciate the respite.

NOTE to male employers: Never tell your highly trained woman executive that she has a brain like a man. If her training is sufficiently sound, she will probably accept the tribute, while reserving her opinion that if her equipment weren't any better than that, she wouldn't be holding the job at all.

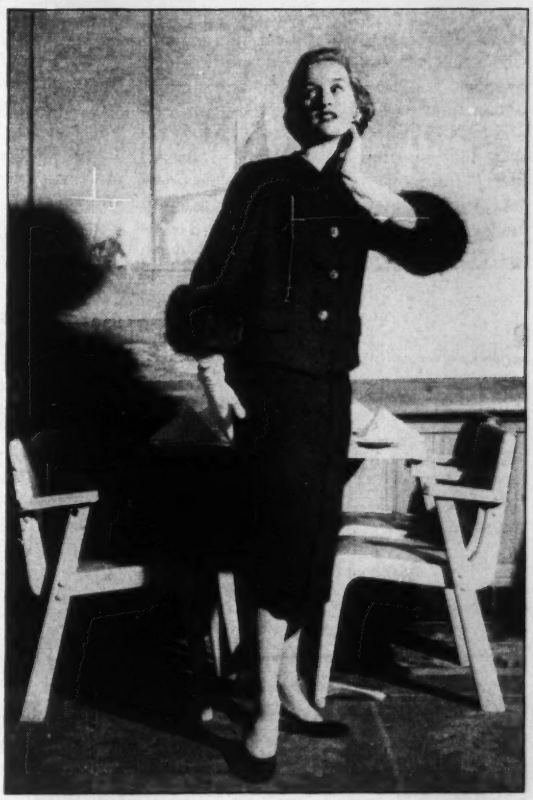
# *Wool Takes Smartly to Restaurant Life*

SELECTING *live lobsters in the lobby of Desjardins, a famous seafood restaurant in Montreal: the model at the left wears a mauve-yellow-black wool bouclé tweed suit, with black broadtail collar and vestee, by Irving Samuel, about $95, obtainable at Goodmans, Toronto; at right, a costume suit of copper-and-black wool tweed jacket and matching copper flannel skirt and blouse, by Barry Lee, about $80, at Eaton's.*

LUNCH *in the restaurant's Salle Gaspésienne, with the models in (left) an Oxford grey striped fine wool, with "barrister" piqué insert, by Margo Dress, about $35, at Alton-Lewis; (right) a grey flannel worsted, by Chadwick and Hill, about $55, at Morgan's.*

THE COCKTAIL HOUR *in the Caribbean Lounge: a late-day black wool jersey, with satin braid trim, by Trend Fashions, about $85, at Ira Berg, Toronto. The model is posed in front of the drum bar.*

**DINNER** *in Desjardins's continental Coral Reef room, with the models both wearing wool broadcloth: left, teal blue, with fashion-width at the top, by I. Iseman, about $45; right, black with white ermine lacing the turn-back cape collar, by Déjà, about $80. Both are available at Simpson's.*



**AFTER THE THEATRE,** *the model chooses the Salle Gaspésienne again, with its Percé Rock mural, and wears a black featherweight wool crêpe costume of box jacket, cuffed with black fox, and a sleeveless sheath; a Fox Original by A. D. Gould, about $225, at Blanche Buchanan, Regina.*

*All clothes: courtesy of Montreal manufacturers.*

*Photos: courtesy the Wool Bureau of Canada. by Ken Bell.*

Tweed . . . the one

fragrance above

all others . . . to wear

anytime, anywhere.

Tweed Perfume from 2.25 to 74.50

Tweed Cream Sachet Perfume 2.00

3 oz. Bouquet Tweed 1.50

Lentheric

PARIS • LONDON • NEW YORK

Pearls by Marvella

54-LA

# Letters

## *High Schools*

PROFESSOR LOWER'S strictures on the teaching of history in High Schools are probably all true. Most teachers are quick to acknowledge the defects in their work and bemoan their lack of time for continued study. But may I remind Professor Lower that the quality of the teaching of history, or anything else, for that matter, is in direct proportion to the number of pupils for whom a teacher is responsible. A simple arithmetical calculation will show the time required for a history specialist with a probable average of 200 students per day to mark an exercise of 500 words once a week and discuss his exercise with each pupil — a highly valuable and desirable procedure, but physically impossible. May I further remind Professor Lower that the High School teacher has no corps of graduate students to relieve him of this burden and allow him time to study, think and "live". Instead, if he is lucky, he may have a 30-minute spare per day; after four he must summon up new sources of energy to coach the rugby team or direct the glee club or do vocational counselling.

Let's not waste time berating one group of teachers, Professor. Let's get down to fundamentals and decide what we want the schools to do and then help them to do it.

*Hamilton, Ont.* JAMES L. KEECH

I AGREE with Professor Lower that "nothing is more deadly than the chapter and verse type of history, dates, names and 'facts' ", unless it is the nebulous, ill-assorted collection of half-truths that has been taught my children under the guise of "Social Studies". They are being educated to become citizens of the world — a noble ideal with which I am in sympathy — but I have a feeling that they might be better citizens of their own communities if they had some notion of what Magna Carta was or what the 1832 Reform Bill meant.

Unfortunately these "facts" are considered of negligible value beside the history of the cocoa bean (which includes a detailed study of the Gold Coast, largely confined to writing letters to various chocolate manufacturers, the collection and mounting of samples, the making of a mural and the dramatization of a day in the life of a cocoa-bean picker). This kind of nonsense begins early in the elementary schools and is probably responsible for the concentration on facts in the High School. It is also (and I am convinced of this) responsible for the inability of mature students to read, write or think for themselves. It is so much easier to accept the publicity hand-outs of the manufacturer, the Boards of Trade and the Chambers of Commerce.

(MRS. C. C.) ELSIE FARRER

*Calgary, Alta.*

## *Children's Toys*

REFERRING to your editorial comment entitled "Quick on the Trigger" (Sept. 11) — could it be that there is any connection between the all-too-common use of pistols by Police and others—and the fact that the commonest of children's toys nowadays are full-sized realistic models of pistols, tommy-guns, and other lethal weapons?

One seldom sees a boy over the age of three years who has not got a toy gun. As soon as a baby boy is old enough to walk, a fond parent—generally his mother —hastens to put a model gun into his hand, thus starting his training to be a killer ("murderer" sounds too unpleasant).

A pistol is intended to be used to kill people. No one goes hunting with a revolver; precious few people want one merely for target practice.

And when a hundred and fifty million men, women, and children absorb murder-by-shooting most days of the week by way of radio, television, movies, and literature, is it any wonder that wholesale killing constitutes a prominent portion of the consciousness of the people of Canada and the United States?

It takes more than "international incidents" to start a war.

*Victoria* H. W. S. SOULSBY

## *Adolescence*

MR. ROBERTS is so right about the reaction to criticism in Canada (Aug. 28). This is largely because we are a serious-minded people and we believe that a good team is better than a good individual. We are also a very modest people and know quite well that as a nation we are going through a period of adolescence. The adolescent is extremely sensitive to criticism largely because he doesn't yet know himself. We are much too keenly aware that our critics are probably right.

The English on the other hand are such a mature people that they have long ago learnt to laugh off their shortcomings and live with them without too much concern. We are still in the stage of thinking that we can correct our failings, hence we take criticism too seriously.

It is not generally considered good manners to ask a woman with a moustache why she doesn't get rid of it. All too many of our critics and particularly the English seem to take a sadistic delight in stressing our obvious shortcomings. As we haven't learnt to rationalize our failings any reaction might be expected. . .

*Toronto* W. J. NOXON

## *Miniaturist*

IN YOUR August 14 issue, you introduce the Montreal miniaturist Juliette De Lavoye and state she is the first Canadian to be elected an Associate Member of the Royal Society of Miniature Painters.

Mrs. Hilda Stewart of West Vancouver came to Canada in 1921. She has spent 33 years living as a Canadian, and working in Canadian art. In 1927, she was made a "full member" of the Royal Miniature Society. . .

(MRS.) ELINOR GLENN

*North Vancouver*

## INDEX


| | PAGE |
|---|---|
| BOOKS | 15 |
| BUSINESS | 25 |
| FILMS | 14 |
| GOLD & DROSS | 28 |
| LETTER FROM NEW YORK | 9 |
| SOCIAL SCENE | 12 |
| TOP JOCKEYS | 5 |
| WOMEN | 35 |



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